

COUNTRY LIFE

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COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS.

ILLUSTRATED.

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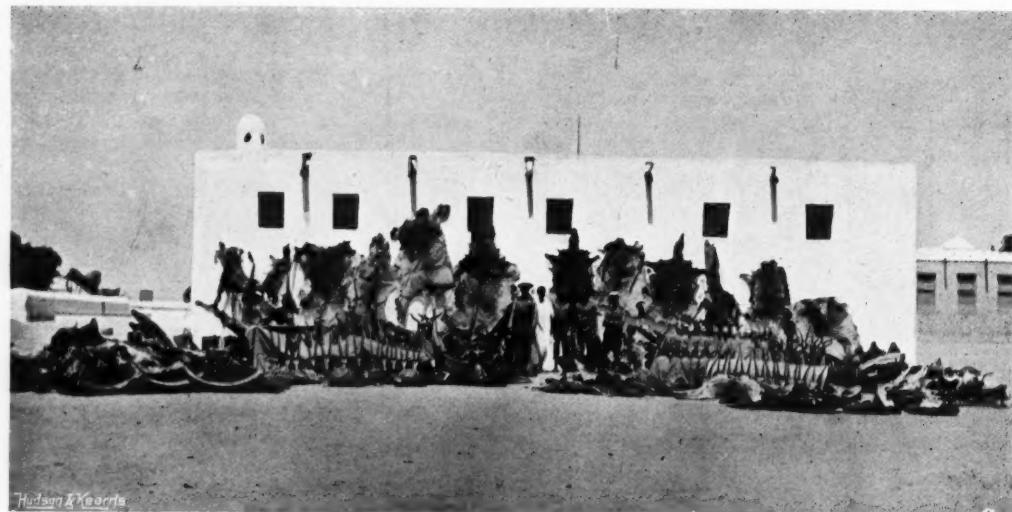
LADY SOPHIE SCOTT.

179, New Bond Street.



IT was rather a curious coincidence that, when Mr. Sparrow and Captain Christie rejoined forces after a period of separate hunting, they were found to have killed exactly the same head of game. The total bag was just 160 head, including lions, rhinoceroses, elephants, leopards koodoo, oryx, wart-boars, hartebeest, and many other kinds of antelope. Captain Christie himself had the luck to shoot the first Toru antelope ever brought to this country from Somaliland, the first long-nosed Nostralzii buck, and the first Golla Woruba, or small hyæna. He also found the largest known specimen of the leopard tortoise.

A large number of these trophies are shown in the accompanying picture, which is reproduced from a photograph taken after the expedition had made its way back to the comparative civilisation of Berbera. Other photographs of the game at the moment it was being brought to the bag were not so easily taken. Captain Christie records several gallant attempts at the photographing of the first lion, but "something went wrong with the 'devil in the camera,' as the Somalis call it," and the result was practically nil. The first rhinoceros has already been pictured in an earlier article of this series. In connection therewith an interesting and curious incident occurred, well worthy of record, though it may not be pleasant reading for the too delicately minded. When



THE TROPHIES AT BERBERA.

this rhinoceros fell, a Midgan, who was with Captain Christie at the time, went up to it while it still had so much life in it as to twitch its tail and ears, cut the great creature's throat, and drank as much of the warm and gushing life blood as he could swallow. Revolted by this spectacle, Captain Christie expostulated with the man, but was countered by the reply that it was not for pleasure, but as a medicine, ordered him by a Somali physician, that he took the warm rhinoceros blood. It is a prescription that not every chemist can readily make up, and since the invalid himself had no arms but bow and arrows, it was not too easy for him to procure it in any quantity. Captain Christie describes him as an excellent fellow, to whom he owed much good sport; but there is every reason to fear that he died prematurely at the hands of Abyssinians, the natural foes of the Somalis. He was sent on a mission with some important letters, a camel, and some provisions, to the camp of one of the other members of the expedition, and from that time forth he was seen but once again, in the neighbourhood of an Abyssinian camp. He had only his bow and arrows, and little knowledge of the powers of the Sniders and Remingtons that the Abyssinians possess. The circumstantial evidence is not strong, but it is perhaps sufficient to suggest a strong probability that he died, at the hands of his nation's foes, a cruel death.

"The devil in the camera" was in kindlier mood when Captain Christie photographed THE FIRST ELEPHANT, shown in the illustration herewith. The picture was taken under circumstances of some difficulty,



THE FIRST ELEPHANT.

for the beast had fallen in a small dry nullah, head downwards. Incidentally, the position made the ivories, especially the lower tusk, extremely hard to extract, for the hunters had but their knives and a very small Somali axe. All things considered the picture comes out well. The boy in front is Burry, Captain Christie's small valet, whom he caught wild in the country, and who accompanied him as far as Aden on the way home. Of course, on his first capture he was entirely ignorant of English, but soon picked up enough to be of practical use, and proved most valuable. He was only one of several of the native members of the expedition that went with the Englishmen to Aden, and actually boarded the British Indian steamship, to see them fairly started on their way home. They took the greatest interest in all the varied details of the great steamer, but their delight and astonishment were specially marked when they found in the butcher's pen a little lot of fat-tailed Somali sheep.

All is rose-coloured in Captain Christie's account of the expedition—likely enough he is one of those who see the world through spectacles of that hue. The Somali himself is a good fellow in his eyes, with many attractive and some really noble qualities, notably his absolute fearlessness. Also he is cheery, bright, and ready to give the stranger—at a price—all the excellent hospitality that his country affords; and when they came away the members of the expedition were able to say with satisfaction that not a single native had suffered harm at their hands, and that they had occasionally been the means of relieving some pain and privation. On both sides there seems to have been a genuine liking between employers and employed.

After the first hundred miles or so of their journey, which led through the waterless plain, the country was of very great beauty. "Here and there," says Captain Christie, "the grass was so green and cropped so short by the antelopes that the landscape appeared like a well-grazed English park. Ant-hills covered with creeping plants, standing amongst thick Mimosa trees, often seemed, in the silent land, like the ruined remains of old feudal castles."

And in and out through this magnificent park-like scenery moved the beasts of the forest and the plain, the great elephants and graceful antelopes. The head of one—Speke's gazelle—the most beautiful and curious of these latter, is shown in the accompanying picture, which well represents the singular and characteristic folds of skin lying packed in crumples over its nose.

Now, over all this pleasant country—but a few days' journey from London—abounding in wild game and peopled by a cheery race that are ready to give the sportsman a warm welcome, hangs the shadow of a black cloud, of which the name is Abyssinia. Could we but develop this land, stock it after the manner of an American ranche, arm its fine race of inhabitants with rifles at from 8s. to 10s. apiece, what a country we might make of it. As it is, says Captain Christie, we seem to have handed it over, bound and helpless, to its fate, a cruel fate at the cruel hands of the Abyssinians, who are pleased to look upon it as their natural prey.

All the creatures shown in the photographs, and many others, fell honestly to the rifles of the white men of the expedition. They are full generous in their praise of the native shikaris, but did not allow these—as has been often done—to shoot the game and then take to themselves credit for the trophies. All



AN ANTELOPE'S HEAD.

are the result of honest hard work and straight shooting, of many hardships cheerfully endured, and of considerable risks pluckily faced. We may be very sure that these hardships and these risks were none the less considerable because the space they occupy in Captain Christie's account is altogether inconsiderable. He is not one of those hunters that magnify these things, and we have to read between his lines to find them there; but the hunters that tell their stories in this way are not those that show the most eagerness to avoid the hardships and the risks. Finally, if every sportsman would profit by Captain Christie's example to give us more of the human interest in his narratives (which we all can credit and appreciate) and less of the "hair-breadth 'scapes" from the fangs of lions and trunks of elephants of terrific size, his accounts would give us more interesting and more satisfactory reading.

In connection with this variety and the show of the Royal Dublin Society held last month—not in Easter week, however, as was the case last year—a good story will well bear re-telling. It is of the period when Brickbat, the kind of terrier Irishmen tell one was in his glory when Tara's Halls were, was in his prime. No more typical dog ever breathed, and, as we write, it is a pleasure to turn to the fine engraving of this son of the Emerald Isle, published some years ago by Mr. Fred Mansell, who has, by the way, just issued a companion print of the Dandies, Blacket House Yet and Ancrum Fanny, who formed so charming a picture in COUNTRY LIFE a few weeks ago. Brickbat was a dog once seen to be remembered, and yet two of England's foremost judges failed to identify him during a visit to the Dublin show many years ago. The dog was being led from the ground by his master's groom, when the two Englishmen espied the pair from their position on a street car. A glance showed that the dog, whom they ought to have known among a thousand, was a treasure, and hastily telling their carman to keep the animal and his keeper in sight, they agreed to run the game to ground, bid the man a fiver for the dog, and take him over to England the same night. Once there, they felt certain the dog would easily beat all the cross-channel cracks. What a gold mine! The chase was not a stern one, for, as they might have guessed, the man did not go far without making a call in one of the vaults off Sackville Street. Discharging their carman, they were quickly with the "man and the dog," and then the fun commenced. Closer examination proved the terrier to be a beauty, and after a lot of haggling they succeeded in inducing the man to name a price, something like £7 or £8. The money was out



A NOTE courteously sent by Mr. G. B. Waugh, of Bradford, proves that the committee of the centenary show of the Wharfedale Agricultural Society has been more liberal in patronage extended to the dog section than was announced in our columns a few weeks ago. Through the efforts of the Bradford sportsman and Mr. F. M. Jowett, a fellow member of the Irish Terrier Club, the classification for "dare devils" has been increased since the publication of our note, and now the game, careless, happy-go-lucky little terrier, who possesses characteristics so typical of the inhabitants of the country to which he belongs, has no less than ten classes. What a show it will be to be sure! Yorkshire lovers of the dog appear to be vieing with one another as to which will offer the best prize, for since the schedule has been issued a cash special for each class, and a gold and three silver commemoration medals, have been given for competition among owners of Irish Terriers.

in a twinkling, but imagine the feelings of these cute Englishmen when the Emerald Islander drolly out that he would first have to consult the master. "And who is he?" came from the would-be purchasers. "Why, Mr. Weiner!" "By George," ejaculated the worthies, "and the dog is Brickbat." So it was. The laugh was not on the side of the Englishmen.

BAILIE FRIAR is, like the handsome Retriever, Black Drake, illustrated in a recent article, the property of Mr. Harding Cox. He was bred by that good judge of the variety, Mr. J. Thorpe Hincks, and more nearly fulfills present-day show requirements than the majority of Clumbers brought into the ring at the principal shows. The variety is not, by the way, a popular one with those who keep Spaniels purely for show, and it is therefore all the more gratifying to find that so good a judge of sporting dogs as Mr. Harding Cox has taken up the species. "Idstone" denies the truth of the assertion that the variety originated at the Duke of Newcastle's seat. They were given, Daniels tells us, to one of the former Dukes of Newcastle by the Duc de Nouailles, and were jealously guarded and kept at Clumber for some years, being acknowledged as a vast improvement on the English springer of the day, which was a mongrel-looking, long-haired dog, with white feet, longish ears and legs, chestnut-coloured coat, snipe nose, and cocked tail. Their name is, of course, derived from the Duke of Newcastle's domain in Notts, and many of the best specimens now being shown are direct descendants of the strain presented so long ago to the then head of the family by the Duc de Nouailles.

Considering the strength of the fancy in the Midlands, it is surprising that for so many years the show of the National Dog Society, held during the Smithfield week in Curzon Hall, has been the only first-class fixture in Birmingham. One or two specialist bodies have, it is true, held successful shows, whilst a little over a year ago a show under Kennel Club rules was arranged by the Acocks Green Fanciers' Society. Apart from the National, however, there has been no fixture of importance, and it is therefore pleasing to hear of the formation of the Birmingham and District Kennel Club. One of the objects of the newly-formed club is the promotion of a summer show on a large scale, and, as Birmingham is very easy of access from all parts of the country, a most representative entry is assured. The district is very rich in fanciers, and with the promised support of the Midland Bulldog, Collie, and Fox-terrier Clubs, and the assistance of such ardent dog men as Mr. Z. Walker, J.P., and Mr. Walter Evans, J.P., there need not be much doubt as to the ultimate success of the club.

From recent successes of RUBICON, the fine St. Bernard bitch owned by Mrs. Jagger, of Huddersfield, it would appear that the Yorkshire breeder has at length succeeded in getting the daughter of Argonaut out of Bettina into show form. Few fanciers have so strongly upheld the claims of any variety as has Mrs. Jagger, and although during her career as an exhibitor she has had her fair share of good fortune—many of the best animals of the last decade having passed through her hands—ill-luck has of late dogged her footsteps. Lady Mignon, a lovely orange, with perfect white markings and dense facial shadings, was perhaps the best of the variety ever owned by Mrs. Jagger.



T. Fall,

BAILIE FRIAR

Baker Street.



T. Fall,

TINA.

Baker Street.



T. Fall,

BELPER FLOSSIE.

Baker Street.

Her show record in one year was phenomenal, and before she was two years old she had credited her owner with fifty-four first prizes, specials and championship at Birmingham, whilst at the show of the St. Bernard Club, not now held as a separate fixture, she was awarded the club challenge cup when under twelve months old. It is of interest to note, at a time when the breed is so very popular, that the greater part of the present-day magnificent rough-coated St. Bernards are descended from four animals imported from Switzerland in the early sixties. Of these, the first to take precedence was Tell, introduced into England by the Rev. Cumming Macdonald. His appearance on the bench created an immense sensation, and, to quote a then prominent writer, "His bench was always crowded at every exhibition, and the first prize was invariably awarded to him by acclamation. Rules were modified in his favour. He was brought into his place at his own convenience, or rather he walked in by his master's side, and resigned himself to be chained up under his number, submitting with heroic resignation to the various trials of patience and affronts to his dignity."

Of quite a different appearance are the Pomeranians TINA, owned by Miss A. de Pass, and Belper FLOSSIE, who, of late, has done so much winning for Miss H. Chell. Both are very typical specimens of their variety, although neither approaches in quality Black Prince, shown by Mrs. Houlker at the Regent's Park Show last summer, and sold to a Manchester lady for £200 on condition that he was not again benched at a show. He was under 8lb. in weight, a veritable ball of animated fluff, and has only quite recently been relieved from quarantine, Mrs. Taylor, his present owner, having had him in

the South of France during part of the past winter. Poor little chap, it would be quite against his nature to be isolated for close on three months, although, thanks to the courtesy of the Board of Agriculture inspectors, the quarantine was declared to be Mrs. Taylor's town house.

Tina is rather like her great rival, Prince, in appearance, with the exception of colour, the former being of a brownish tinge, a very popular hue, whilst the Lancashire celebrity is of the densest black. Both are about the same weight. Belper Flossie is a lovely white, and a much heavier dog. All her best points are well shown in the photograph accompanying this article, and with, perhaps, the exception of her renowned sire, Champion Rob of Rozelle, no white Pomeranian has been so great a public favourite since the variety has come to the front. Her Majesty the Queen was one of its earliest admirers, and for years the Spitz or Pomeranian dog has been well represented in the Royal kennels at Windsor. Affectionate in disposition, very watchful, and an excellent guard, the variety only requires to be more generally known to become a still greater favourite.

Sheepdog trials are to be given far greater prominence at country festivals this season than has been the case for many years. Very widespread indeed was the interest in those at Tring last August and dealt with at the time in *COUNTRY LIFE*, the promoters having since supplied particulars to enquirers in all parts of the country. Mr. R. S. Pigg, indeed, who judged on that occasion, has been approached with a view to taking out a



T. Fatt,

RUBICON

Baker Street.



T. Fatt,

CAPTAIN.

Baker Street.

team of trial dogs to South Africa, and has also been the means of the promotion of similar competitions in Canada and other parts of America. In England a trial has been already held on the Derbyshire moors, the shepherds of the district having had their emulation fired by the success of the autumn fixture in lovely Dovedale. For an inaugural effort, conducted during a March blizzard, the gathering was a great success, and will in all probability be made an annual affair. It is, however, to be hoped, for the sake of those whom duty called to that bleak part of the Peak district, that the next fixture will be held later in the year.

Blackburn, a recent addition to the trial calendar, promises well, and the Royal Lancashire Agricultural Society, the promoting body in this particular instance, is to be congratulated on being one of the first Northern societies of prominence to arrange so attractive an event. The recent Northampton trials were very successful, although the entry was not so large as anticipated. CAPTAIN, Mr. H. Meyerstein's Old English Sheepdog, is not the type associated with the trial ground, he being far more at home in the show-ring or on the bench than answering the call of his keeper at the trials. The Collie Club would be doing a great work were trials to be promoted under its auspices. With Alexandra Park again available, some effort ought to be made in this direction, thus affording Londoners an opportunity of witnessing the marvellous exhibition of intelligence given by "mere dogs."

BIRKDALE.

The Tui, or Parson Bird, of New Zealand.

IT has taken some hundreds of years for mankind to think out and develop the idea of a clergyman; but Nature anticipates all man's ideas, however original. For hundreds of years the New Zealand bush has swarmed with clergymen—dapper little gentlemen in black coats and white ties. Yes, clergymen, for their suits are not the dress clothes of civilisation. They are, when seen in certain lights, a beautiful glossy dark green; in fact, they have seen service and done duty, and their coats have become as green as those of the most benevolent gentlemen who ever cured souls "on £40 a year." The "tui," as he is called by the Maori, or "parson-bird," as named by the Briton, is the delightful little comforter and joy of every tennis party or five o'clock tea that is held by the bird world of the New Zealand bush.

There he sits, perched in his pulpit at the top of some tree, "shaking his head, bending to one side and then to another, as if he remarked to this one and that one; and once and again with pent-up vehemence, contracting his muscles and drawing himself together, his voice waxes loud in a manner to waken sleepers to their senses," as says Sir Walter Buller.

He can be taught to speak, to crow like a cock, bark like a dog, and to whistle tunes, and at evening he literally sings vespers and rings the curfew bell—for his note is then "like the clear high note of an organ, and again like the striking together of hollow metallic rods." He closes the day with a clear silvery "toll," then retires decently to rest at a suitable hour, and sends all other respectable birds off to rest also.

He is, during the day, a most restless, energetic little person,

seldom still for a moment—preaching, singing, exhorting, mimicking; he will mimic every bird in the bush to perfection. Then he is such a buffoon; he will break off in the middle of an exquisite melody and indulge in the most strange medley of sounds, impossible to reproduce and difficult to describe, but if one can imagine "the combination of a cough, a laugh, and a sneeze, with the smashing of a pane of glass," that will be some slight approach to the idea. The Maoris have a song of forty-eight lines, each descriptive of a "movement" of the tui's sonata.

The bird is about the size and shape of a blackbird, but has a pair of delicate tufts of white feathers at his throat, and is a glossy dark green otherwise, looking black in ordinary lights. He is a honey-eater, and may be seen hovering at the flowers of the flax plant and fuchsia tree, which flowers he fertilises. But, alas! the introduction of the bee is fast destroying the tui. On more than one occasion he has been found dead with a bee's sting in his tongue; as also the huia, another "beautiful bird," for that is, freely translated, what the word "huia" means. These honey-feeding birds thrust their sensitive tongues into the flowers and find the bee there, who promptly attacks the intruder.

The tui seems to be, like other New Zealand birds, unconscious of danger from man; in fact, it seems as if the Colony was never really part of the created earth at all, any more than Mars or the moon. It is another planet to all intents and purposes, whence all mammals were excluded, unless perhaps a chance whale or seal thrown on the shores from the sea. It has been the land of birds and spiders almost exclusively. There were no

venomous reptiles until the Hom. sap. arrived in the land; now there are.

When the flax plant seeds, the tuis have a good time—real May meetings; every flower stalk is besieged by anxious, vivacious little persons, chattering, eating, and happy. They put away such quantities of "tea and buns" in their excitement that they get enormously fat, and literally have to "undo the top button." They are said to peck their breasts to let out the skin and make room for the fat. But stop a bit. The tui's mate is as active as himself—he preaches, sings, and performs at penny readings as cleverly and with as much energy as her husband; in short, she is not only the rector's wife, but she is a hallelujah lass as well. Then, again, our friend the tui has a curate—the mocking-bird—whose sole ambition in life is to copy his rector and preach his sermons. He does his level best, but never quite succeeds; he can imitate the tui, and does, up to a certain point, but falls short in the higher walks—he is only an understudy after all!

The tuis nest twice or thrice a year, and have large families, excellently brought up. There is one thing the tui cannot endure, and that is scandal. If one of his cloth is wounded or injured, the whole fraternity set on him and peck him to death; you see he must keep up his reputation for an active, busy public person.

It is sad that all the New Zealand native birds are becoming so scarce; they speak to us of a time when Nature was harmless, when the snake, the tiger, and the falcon did not exist. The settlers sometimes talk of the Colony as



THE CLERGYMAN OF THE NEW ZEALAND BUSH.

"God's earth," and truly to look back at it makes one think of and sigh for the day when "they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain."

HUGH L. MACHELL.

TROUT FARMING.

THE diminished numbers of trout in many of the English rivers caused widespread dismay amongst the lovers of angling, and the fear lest they should altogether die out in some streams, unless a remedy could be found, was not entirely illusory. Trout, like most other fish, have many difficulties and dangers to contend with in their natural state. Their season for spawning ranges from about October to March, according to the temperature and conditions in which they live. When the females are nearly ready to deposit their ova, they and the males move up stream and choose a place where the water is shallow, the bed of the river gravelly, and where there are hollow banks, overhanging bushes, or other shelter for them to retire to should they be disturbed. They next proceed to dig out holes with their noses, and in these they deposit their spawn. The female fish do not lay all their eggs at once, the spawning process extending over several days. A female trout of a pound weight

yields approximately 1,000 ova every season, and trout are generally said to carry 1,000 eggs for every pound they weigh. This is true for fish up to 3lb., but as they grow older and heavier their produce is proportionately rather less.

With this enormous power of reproduction, it sounds unnatural that artificial aid should be necessary, but we have yet to consider the various dangers to which the ova are subject. First of all, the parent fish will often eat large quantities of their eggs as soon as they are deposited; eels and the larvae of many water insects feed upon them; and to these may be added herons, kingfishers, water-fowl, and other enemies too numerous to mention. A whole season's ova is sometimes destroyed by a severe flood bringing down mud and dirt, which covers and suffocates the eggs. The fry, too, are eaten in large numbers by their bigger brethren, who are voracious cannibals. In the ordinary course of nature, under favourable circumstances,

not more than one in 1,000 eggs ever becomes a year-old fish. Thus, to obviate the terrible loss above described, artificial means had to be resorted to, and those interested in angling, led by the eminent naturalist Mr. Frank Buckland, instituted "trout farming."

A delightful afternoon may be spent in visiting the Surrey Trout Farm, only a mile from Haslemere Station on the London and South Western line, where the interesting story of a trout's life can be seen from its earliest stage to maturity. This farm was first started by the late Mr. Andrews, of Guildford, and is still carried on under the name of Messrs. Andrews by the present proprietor. In the midst of that lovely scenery for which this especial part of Surrey is so justly famous, in a valley sheltered by hills, are numerous ponds and water-courses, where the fish are kept distinct according to their age and kind. The spawning process is purely artificial. When the fish are ripe for spawning the



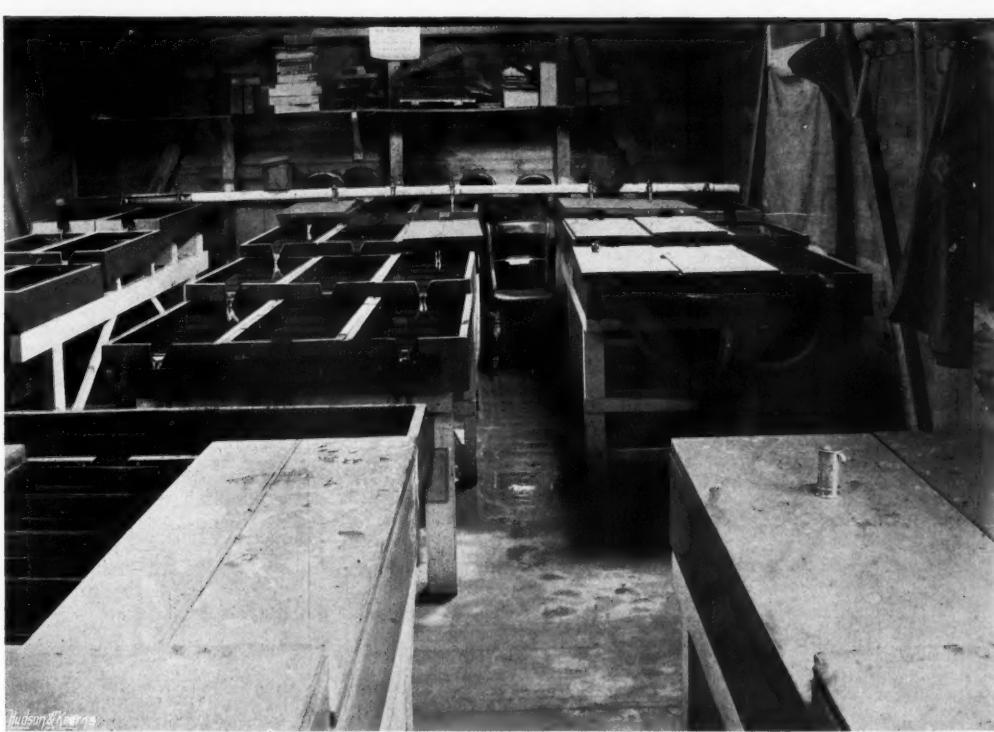
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THE SPAWNING SHED.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

ponds are netted, and the fish collected and taken to THE SPAWNING SHED. The fish are then sorted into ripe females, ripe males, and unripe fish; these latter are returned to the stock-ponds. The ova from the females and the milt from the males are pressed from the fish into large earthen-ware dishes, and a little water is added to facilitate the mixture and impregnation of the ova, which in about three-quarters of an hour is ready to be placed in the hatching-boxes in THE HATCHERY. These hatching-boxes are so constructed that a current of water is constantly passing through them, in order that the ova may extract from it the oxygen which it contains in a free state. Provision for ventilation is made in the cover of each hatching-box to ensure free escape of the carbonic acid gas which is given off. This is necessary, as each impregnated ovum is a living substance absorbing oxygen and breathing off carbonic acid gas. The ova, when first deposited, even when impregnated and fertile, appear quite transparent to the naked eye, and are about the size of an ordinary pea. At the end of the first twenty-four hours the germ rises, and at the top of every egg appears a small spot. This spot gradually grows larger in a fertile egg, but in an unfertile one no change is observed, and, if undisturbed, remains thus till after all the other eggs are hatched, but if shaken it turns an opaque white, and should be at once removed from the hatching-box, as it would decay and generate fungus, which would kill the fertile ones.

The next important stage is when the embryo is so far developed that the tail and eyes of the fish can be seen if the egg is held in a glass tube containing water against the light. The ova are now said to be "eyed." From this to the time of hatching, it is interesting to watch the embryo. The little fish grows till its body forms a circle inside the shell, the tail meeting the head; and in the centre a yellowish substance like the yolk of an egg can be seen. Then the shell breaks and the fish is hatched. At first it looks like a thick pin less than an inch in



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THE HATCHERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

length, with two black spots in the head, and attached to the stomach a small bag. This is called the "umbilical sac," and contains a yellow substance that nourishes the fish till it has strength enough to swim about and gain its own food. If the water has a uniform temperature of 50deg. Fahr. the ova will take about 25 days to "eye," another 25 days to hatch, and another 25 days before the little fish shows signs of feeding. As many as 90 to 95 per cent. of the number of eggs taken can be hatched. But this artificial spawning produces a certain number of monstrosities; some are born with two heads, some with two bodies and one tail, and about one in a billion with three heads, and some with crooked backs—these latter are the only ones that survive the first stages of their existence. As soon as the fry are able to feed themselves they are removed from the hatchery and put into one of the small tanks or water-courses set apart for these babies. They require a very constant supply of food, which entails much labour and expense.

Some of these water-courses are shown in the illustration, where the fry are being fed with a diluted preparation of raw meat forced through a syringe into the water, and particular attention is paid to those that congregate near the outlet screens, as these are the weakest fry, which need feeding up and strengthening. The screens are used to prevent the fry getting from one tank or pond to another. In a year's time these fry are ready to be moved into a stock-pond for "yearlings." There are ponds for all ages of fish, and great care has to be taken to keep them distinct.

When changing the fish from one pond to another the water is turned off (our illustration shows a pond in this condition), and the fish are collected and transferred to their future habitation; but woe betide the next comers should one or two remain behind. This is not an infrequent occurrence with "yearlings"; a small one gets overlooked, and when the fry are turned in the yearling devours very many of them. A casualty happened once, when a two year old trout jumped out of a



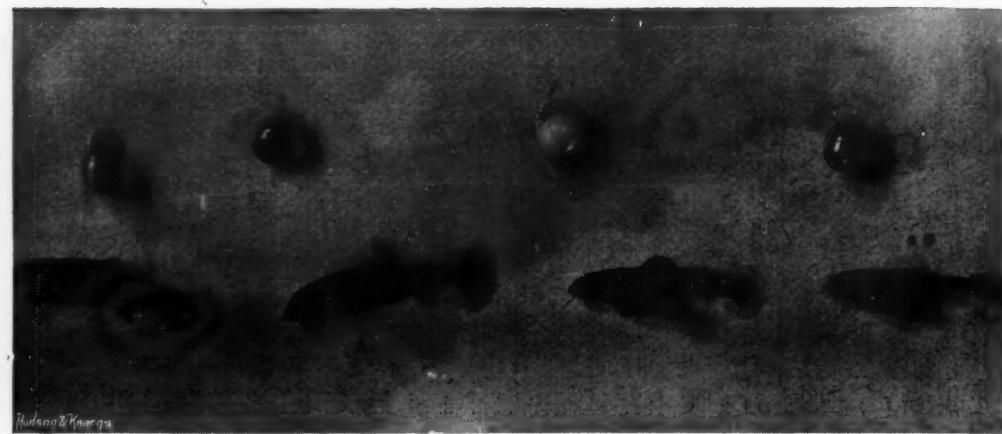
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STOCK POND No. 9.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

bucket, in which it was being carried, into a pond already stocked with fry, most of which it consumed; it was a very big fish when taken out. It is a curious sight to see the larger trout being fed; bits of raw horse-flesh are thrown to them, and at times they are so eager for their food that they jump right out of the water, and dash here and there, till the on-looker has to keep at a respectful distance to avoid being splashed all over. Unfortunately for my photograph, which was taken in a snowstorm, the trout refused to rise in this erratic manner, and contented themselves with only appearing on the surface of the water in an animated mass; though cold-blooded creatures, they are affected by temperature, and are much less lively in wintry weather. These bigger trout are worth from £2 to £3 each to the pisciculturist, and the yearlings are sold at from £2 to £3 per 100, and sent long distances in big cans, like milk cans.

A curious instance of the peculiarities of trout was told by the late Mr. Andrews to Captain Rushbrooke (my informant). He one day made a cast with a May-fly into a pond of male trout; he tried again and again, but not a fish stirred; he then threw the fly into a pond of female trout, and instantly there was such a hurry and rush to seize it, that he had difficulty to flip it away in time to avoid its being taken, so eager was their onslaught. Both ponds had been fed at the same time and on the



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SPECIMENS OF OVA AND FRY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

same food, and he could in no way account for the difference in their behaviour. Various plants and shrubs that are considered likely to attract the flies and insects on which the trout feed are planted round the ponds; but they are not dependent on such chance food, as they devour in the course of the year many tons of horse-flesh and shell-fish. The fish taken straight from these ponds are not good to eat, no doubt on account of their artificial life and feeding, but they soon gain their proper flavour when let loose in wilder waters. The trout industry is doing what was required of it, and not only restocking the empty rivers of England but establishing nurseries in other lands, which have already borne fruit and are likely to give pleasure to many a future generation of anglers.

Village Houses for Holiday Homes.



H. Penfold.

MATTHEW HARTNUP'S HOUSE.

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THE demand for inexpensive houses as headquarters for country holidays increases daily. We have already suggested how this need may be met, either by restoring the pretty old "cottages," so called, which were really small farm-houses, with accommodation for the labourers under the same roof with their master, or by building modern cottages of special design, like those shown in the number of *COUNTRY LIFE*

published February 19th last. As an example of what may be done to make new homes in old houses we give a view of one of these old tenements RESTORED AND INHABITED, with its garden set with roses, its windows, formerly stopped up with plaster, reopened, reglazed, and filled with flowers. This smiling and substantial cottage makes almost a family residence, quite sufficiently commodious and ornamental for anyone

who realises that the main object in the country should be to develop the outdoor life and to keep an ample margin free for expenditure on garden, poultry, sport, riding, cycling, or whatever are the favourite open-air interests of the owner.

No one who has not tried it knows what very modest house room is sufficient for comfort and health, both for "grown-ups" and children, when regular outdoor life is possible. We have known a thatched cottage with two bedrooms, a sitting-room 17 ft. long by 15 ft. broad, and a large kitchen, make a perfectly comfortable shooting-box for a visit during a whole season, including a bitterly cold week in January. These thatched village houses are both warm and healthy, and the only inconvenience from their structure is the early noise and chatter of the sparrows and starlings as they fly in and out of the thatch above the dormer windows.

Such a house, useful either to send the children to from London, or to use as headquarters in the country, is not difficult to find, either in Berkshire, Sussex, or in Kent. It is best placed in a village, for the convenience even of the village shop, post office, and supplies of eggs, milk, and bread is considerable. For those who need more space for guests, or who like to keep one room for guns and cycles, another for photography, and a third for a study, there is still a store of good old houses available, designed as if for this very purpose, which can often be rented at from £20 to £30 a year. Like the cottage farms mentioned, these old houses have a history identified with a certain social order in rural life, though, being less specialised in their original purpose than the houses designed for joint habitation by master and men, they have not been so often deserted or allowed to fall into disrepair. The class of house to which we refer is common in Berkshire, especially in the villages under the Downs, in the Vale of White Horse, and not infrequent in Surrey, Essex, and Kent. Most of them have titles, which their appearance



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RESTORED AND INHABITED.

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scarcely bears out, in accordance with modern notions. "Manor House," or more frequently "Old Manor House," is their commonest, for they are nearly all named, while the distinguishing feature of a cottage home is that it is always nameless. They have a right to the distinction, for in nearly every case they are the dwelling-houses originally attached to small manors, or built when the large owner of many manors sold these properties one by one to purchasers whose total means were represented by what they received from the land. This they commonly farmed in part themselves, and therefore there are often farm buildings and a manor dovecote attached.

To cite an instance in point; in one Berkshire parish of no great size under the White Horse Downs are three manors, owning the highly picturesque and genuinely ancient names of Rampaynes, Freethorns, and Maltravers. Neither of these has

any large area of land attached to it, and until recently one of the old manor houses was occupied by a shepherd, another by a farmer, and a third was let for the purposes we suggest in this article. All three had many small rooms, were picturesque, and most inexpensive to maintain.

Many of these better-class village houses have a certain distinction of appearance which modern houses of similar capacity seldom attain in rural England. No doubt we shall learn to make them. But the contrast between MATTHEW HARTNUP'S HOUSE, built, as the date shows, in 1671, and the square brick and slate boxes built in villages to-day is sufficiently striking. The latter have a "flat face." They are no larger at the top than at the bottom, and this want of variety inside leads to monotony outside. The old builders of such houses made the bottom walls strong by putting into them three times as much timber as into the top walls. There are fourteen upright beams in the lower end of Matthew Hartnup's house, and only five in the corresponding wall of the upper



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A SMALL MANOR HOUSE.

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story. Here the builder's cleverness comes in. He carried out the beams of the upper floor 2 ft. beyond the wall of the ground floor rooms, and so gained 2 ft. all round for his bedrooms; the bedrooms are actually 4 ft. wider than the sitting-rooms below them. The builder also managed to get a useful little bedroom, with a dormer window, into his high-tiled roof, and another into the smaller gable on which he inscribed his name. All this thoughtful design is reflected in perfectly natural ornament. The beams of the second story, rounded off, and projecting like corbels, make a first-class piece of structural decoration round the house. The big brackets which aid these in supporting the upper story are "knees" of oak, carved or moulded according to fancy. The projecting upper story, and, higher, the projecting eaves of the roof, give natural canopies, or "eyebrows," to the windows, which have the appearance of being deep-set, and so gain a look of solidity, though they are really flush with the wall, giving the maximum of interior space to the rooms.

As these houses were in most cases occupied by an owner who farmed at least part of his own land, there is plenty of bedroom accommodation, originally intended for the men and maids, whose quarters, with those of the farming servants, were in the wing of the house. Our third illustration of A SMALL MANOR HOUSE shows a rather compact instance of the kind of dwelling so named. This house, like that of Matthew Hartnup, is near Ashford, in Kent.

All these old houses have good large kitchens, scullery, and outhouses, and usually a small but fertile garden. As long as the site is not on clay, and there is a reasonable supply of good water, they may be considered as far healthier than most seaside lodgings, and for anything like a long holiday they are usually far less expensive.



H. Penfold.

PAST REPAIR.

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It should, however, be remembered that not all picturesque cottages are worth purchasing. Besides the little manor houses which have become farm-houses, and the little farm-houses which have become cottages, there is another class of minor village home, picturesque enough, but seldom worth restoration, because the original structure is bad and cheap. There are labourers' cottages, which were *enlarged* at the end of the last century. The enlargement was due not to any desire of the owners to make the labourers comfortable, but because the farmers would no longer keep the latter as boarders in their houses. Like the beautiful old timber-built houses, dating from the days of Henry VI., shown in our last illustration, most of these are PAST REPAIR. But the bicycle and quick trains into the country have made this inexpensive form of country home possible and popular; and anyone who desires to discover such places for himself, and is a cyclist, can add much to the pleasure of his journeys on wheels by "prospecting" for the kind of house which takes his fancy.

C. J. C. CORNISH.

IRELAND'S FUEL.

BY the law of compensation, Ireland, which has not a single ton of coal in her soil, has the finest peat-beds in the British Islands. One hardly knows what would have

been the fate of the Irish peasants, thrifty and idle alike, were it not for the presence of this everlasting supply of fuel, lying on the surface of the ground, and waiting only to be dug, dried, and carted or carried to the poor man's fire.

We never could understand why it should be only the poor man's fire; for the fragrant, cleanly fuel might well be welcome on the hearth of the rich. Recently a company advertised high-class peat for sale in London, to be burnt in drawing-rooms and smoking-rooms; and the well-known scent was almost for the first time recognised in the "gilded halls" of Belgravia, bringing back memories of Highland cottages and lodges by Irish salmon rivers.

There is something peculiarly home-like in the sight of the peat fire. Coal can be dug nearly all the world over, except, as we have said, in the Emerald Isle, even in the Tropics, where the Indian mines are famous. But peat is a product of the cold North. There the gradual and slow decay of the vegetables embedded in bogs produces wholesome peat. In the South that decay is rapid, and produces black mud, malaria, and disease. Peat, on the contrary, is almost the most wholesome,



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

CUTTING PEATS.

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dry, antiseptic stuff which can be imagined. It would be well to burn it even if it gave no heat, merely for purposes of health. The greatest contributor of all plants to the formation of peat is sphagnum moss. But all kinds of bog plants go to make up the ordinary Irish peat-beds.

CUTTING PEATS shows work going on in one of the reservoirs of fuel. The depth of peat is 8ft., and the cutters have as yet merely shaved the top. This is a nice dry bed, some alteration in the level having drained off the soakage water elsewhere. The men do the cutting, and the girls and women wheel the peats to a distance, where they are set up in pairs like an A tent to dry.

The roots and stumps of trees shown on the surface are found in the peat, preserved and turned black, after thousands of years of burial. Even bodies of men who have been murdered or died on the bog have been found and recognised in the peat bog, long after death, so strongly does the vegetable extract in it act to arrest decay.

CARTING THE TURF is a later process. This is done when it is dry. It is then carried to headquarters and there stacked, with interstices left between the blocks for air and wind to penetrate. In the illustration the turf is being stacked close to where it was cut. Beyond lies the edge of the lake, with its Scotch firs. Once this lake extended in the form of a boggy marsh where the old white horse and the peat cutters now stand. It is beautifully light stuff, clean and easy to handle, so that the women find it a pleasant task to aid the men. The "finds" made in cutting add a certain interest to the work. There is almost nothing, from the bones of an Irish elk, with horns 9ft. across, to golden breast-plates, or chased silver caskets holding sacred books flung into the bog to save them from Elizabethan Protestant soldiers, which may not from time to time be found by the turf cutters.

The discovery that peat makes some of the best litter for horses is a recent one, and, though at first only the peat from the German beds was used, it is now being cut and pressed for the same purpose in this country. The "right of turbary," or turf cutting, on commons or in forests like Wolmer is a mischievous one. These are not real peat-beds, but merely peaty surface soil. This is pared off to light fires or turf the roofs of sheds. The ground is thus deprived of the vegetable mould which would in time enrich it.

MAY DAY EVE SUPERSTITIONS.

WERE it not for the superstitious vein running through the Celtic temperament, lovers of folk-lore in these practical times would find few sources of interest. In Ireland the most romantic extravagances of haunted castles, enchanted lakes, and abbeys filled with magic still exist. For the Irish peasant beneath his workaday surface—which only those he trusts may penetrate—lives in a world of legend, and holds some special fairy superstition for each season. The 1st of May in Ireland is celebrated with garlands and dancing, for May is the month of Mary, and is thus associated with white flowers and rejoicing. But May Day Eve is the festival of the fairies, and the spirit of mischievousness attends the revels of these elfish little Irish people. From time immemorial May Day Eve has been the chosen date on which the "merry folk" select and steal the most charming among the Irish children and convey them to fairy realms for the benefit and pleasure of the elfin community. The "little people" are keen, like the ogres of old, to note the rosiest cheeks and sunniest locks among the village children, and unless such treasures are kept safely within doors during the hours of danger, the fairies will claim them as their due. On the last day of April, in many villages of the South and West of Ireland, careful mothers sprinkle the "flowers of their flock" with holy water, for this is held to be a sure means of breaking fairy spells. And the village children flock out to the meadows for several days preceding May Day to gather bunches of king-cups, for these hung on the cottage thatch are believed to avert the dangers attendant on the annual fairy revel.

A relative of the writer some years since, while playing on May Day Eve in the fields of a village in County Cork, was seized with some childish illness from which he died. The superstitions of centuries were aroused by this simple occurrence, and old village nurses and wise women bewailed the child who had been "struck" by the fairies, and declared that the illness which caused his death was the "fairy sickness," from which recovery is impossible. With fanatical terror they claimed to trace on the child the faint outline of the black "fairy ring" said to encircle the bodies of those whom the fairies love, and who therefore die young. To this day the servants of the household feel assured



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CARTING THE TURF.

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that the children of this particular family are "overlooked" by fairies, jealous that their property should remain in human hands. Since the death of the child, who "went to his own again," successive superstitious nurses on the unlucky eve of May Day carefully sprinkle each remaining child of the family—though this is Protestant—with holy water, lest they too may fall under the fairy spell and show the fatal ring around their bodies. The peasant believes the only two precautions of any avail against the fairies lie in the use of holy water and the power of denial. Thus a universal boycott against the fairies prevails; their names are never mentioned, and by so simple an expedient a great part of their power is destroyed. To acknowledge their existence by speaking of the fairies or "good people" is quite sufficient to put you forever in their power. The swan typifies the fairies; and so common is the belief in these agencies that few Irish village lads would have the hardihood to throw a stone at one of these magic birds. So surely as he did so he would expect a swift and sure vengeance on the part of the insulted fairy-folk. The fairies are supposed to live in "raths"—a word borrowed from the Danish, and used frequently in Ireland to denote a hill or mound. Sometimes the fairies may be found in caverns and hollow spaces, and such dwellings must be respected. They are hallowed places, and whoso interferes with these will suffer on the spot from a fairy revenge; and such vengeance is most commonly supposed to take the practical and inconvenient form of broken leg or palsied side. The peasant talks—to those he knows—of hidden treasure and gorgeous jewels concealed in fairy raths, and enchanted princes bound by magic spell mounting guard over priceless possessions. But neither desire for gain nor enthusiasm of rescue tempts him to the relief of such unfortunate potentates. The "little people" have, justly or unjustly, bound their victim and annexed his possessions, and woe to those who interfere with the designs of the "unmentioned folk." The potatoes and pigs of his peasant holding are perhaps not very valuable, but at least the proprietor of these may enjoy them in security. The jewels and mines of gold on which the fairies hold a lien would not help him. For his forefathers have warned him again and again that a terrible fate awaits that man who, unwittingly or unwittingly, crosses the path of fairy design and interferes with their hidden treasure.

ON THE GREEN.

THERE were so many big things done on the green round and about the date of Easter that notice of the greater part of them is bound to be rather belated if it is to be squeezed in at all. For instance, there was some very fine play at the Bowdon Golf Club's meeting, near Durham, by Mr. R. O. J. Dallmeyer. Mr. Dallmeyer has not yet been reckoned in quite the first flight of the best amateurs, though he has done rather remarkable things at Wimbledon once or twice. But he has never done anything to equal his work at Bowdon, where he was round the course consecutively in 78 and 80. This 78 equals the record for the green, which was made by Mr. Hilton as far back as 1894, and has not been challenged since. Three times running Mr. Dallmeyer scored 39 for the nine holes, and only his last round showed a falling off of a couple of strokes. Naturally he won the scratch medal of the club, but not with the ease that might have been thought, for Mr. Hogg, with whom he was playing, was also in a very fine game, and holed out in a total of 161, only three strokes above Mr. Dallmeyer's aggregate. One of Mr. Hogg's rounds was 79 and the other 82.

At Great Yarmouth, again, the record was equalled, but this time it was in a Bogey competition, not a scoring round, that the fine score was made. It was Mr. F. Ireland that rivalled the record here, with 77, winning the Bogey prize with a score of four holes up, in spite of owing two strokes. It was appropriate enough that Mr. Ireland should be the winner, for he is the new captain of the club. On a previous day of competition the Penn gold medal had been taken by Mr. W. O. Pell, with 83.

There is yet a third case of record making, and this last, furthermore, a case of flagrant record breaking. Mr. E. F. Chance took part in the competition for the Midland Counties' Championship, which is divided into two departments, a club championship and an individual championship. Mr. Chance was representing the Hagley Club, which only finished third, the winners being the

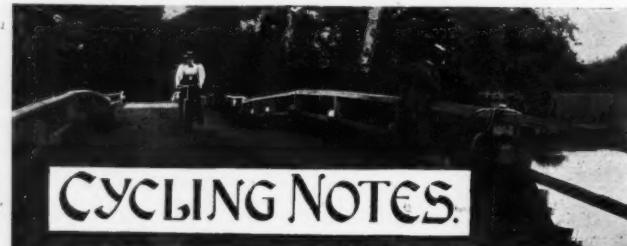
King's Norton people, on their own green. But Mr. Chance's individual score was not only the best returned, but also better than any that had been returned before by two strokes. Then followed the individual championship, two rounds of the green. Mr. Chance's first effort was an 84, not quite as good as that of some others; but his second round was a magnificent 76, beating not only all his competitors, but even excelling his own lately made record by three strokes. The nearest to his aggregate of 160 was Mr. H. W. Bainbridge, of the Arden Club, with 165, Mr. G. H. Neville, of the Worcestershire Club, coming third with 169. There was a large field of competitors.

Again yet another instance of record breaking, this time in connection with the Cornish Amateur Championship. The four best scorers in a scoring competition of two rounds are, by the conditions of this championship, permitted to compete in tournament play for decision. Mr. Stuart Anderson headed the scoring list with rounds of 88 and 80, the second beating by a stroke the previous competition record (his own) for the green. None approached this aggregate, but in playing off by tournament, both Mr. Major and Captain Bradford, whom he encountered successively, made fair matches with him, but were ultimately worsted. Three days later, Mr. Anderson was again competing over the same, St. Endoc, course, but this time his steady return of 82 was not good enough, with his penalty of five, to give him a place on the prize list, which was determined by handicap scores.

The late Mr. A. R. Michell.



THE late Mr. Archibald Robert Michell, whose portrait appears herewith, will be sorely missed in Yorkshire. He was the son of the late Mr. John Michell, of Forcett, Yorkshire, and Glassel, Aberdeenshire. Few sportsmen were better known than Mr. Archibald Michell, who excelled equally in the use of rod and gun, was conspicuous for horsemanship in the hunting-field, and was a capital golf player. In sea-fishing he took particular delight. But he will, perhaps, be best remembered in connection with his devotion to and skill in gardening. Nothing pleased him more than to hold out a helping hand to others who were imbued with tastes similar to his own. He is lamented as a man of warm heart, sterling worth, and unassuming modesty.



THERE is every reason for supposing that touring a-wheel will be more popular than ever this summer, and one of the indications of the fact is the strength of the candidates' list of the Cyclists' Touring Club this month. It numbers no less than 2,820 names, as compared with 2,113 in 1897. At this rate, therefore, a total membership of 50,000 may be expected before the year has closed, a bad season in the way of weather being the only thing likely to prevent that consummation. In the current issue of the club *Gazette* information is given with reference to the device now being tried upon the South

Western Railway for the conveyance of cycles. Continuing their tour of investigation the committee of inspection appointed by the club have lately taken a trial journey from Waterloo to Bournemouth, with a view to watching the behaviour of the new appliance. It appears to consist merely of a series of loops, which slip over the front wheels of the machines, the back wheels being supported on a shelf. The committee appear to have been only partially convinced of its merits, and it certainly does not seem to be in any way the equal of the device adopted by the North Eastern Company, to which I have previously referred.

In the "All England Series," Messrs. George Bell and Sons have published a shilling manual on "Cycle Touring," by A. W. Rumney. The book is somewhat eccentrically compiled, but contains a fair amount of information for those who are entire novices in the touring art. Perhaps the most useful portion of the work is the appendix of "Suggested Tours," though it is a pity that more care was not devoted to these pages before they went to press, as they simply reek with printer's errors. Other chapters of more or less value are those on "Baggage" and "Touring Grounds and Seasons." Under the latter head Mr. Rumney puts in a strong claim for the months of May and June, and rightly points out the absurdity of leaving holiday-making until August. The contention is not new, but is as much needed as ever.

A recent discussion which took place at a meeting of the Norfolk County Council is a painful revelation of the inability of a certain order of mind to realise the importance of the "universal lights" principle, although it has already been adopted by some thirty counties. The proposition laid before the Council was, to begin with, an unsatisfactory one, in that it exempted the carrying of lights on vehicles in the months of June and July. By an amendment, which was carried, this exemption was extended to include May and August, so that the very months in which cyclists are most likely to be riding at night are those in which the Norfolk councillors permit carts and carriages to go about without revealing their whereabouts. Not content with this degree of emasculation, some members of the Council essayed to whittle down the bye law still further. Sir William Ffolkes moved that moonlight nights be exempted, and Mr. Howard said it was "perfectly childish to compel men to carry trumpery lamps to mock the moon. The Divine Being had set a light to rule the day and a light to rule the night, and they had served their purpose very well up to now." Mr. Lee Warner rejoined that the Divine Being had also made clouds. He had had painful experience of moonlight nights where he lived. Fortunately the amendment was negatived by thirty votes to twenty-seven, but other foolish amendments were raised in turn, until Lord Wodehouse was moved to vehement protest against the attempts to whittle down the bye-law and make it a laughing-stock. One speaker declared that "if the bye-law were carried it would cost the farmers thousands of pounds—yes, and tens of thousands of pounds." How and why he did not attempt to prove. No more mischief was done, however, except that the usual maximum penalty of 40s. was reduced to 20s. The bye-law, as it stands, is about the weakest to be adopted by any county, and in marked contrast to the sensible regulations in force in Surrey, Middlesex, and many other districts.

The man Edwards, who is engaged upon the task of riding a hundred miles a day for a whole year, has completed his hundredth century. That he will achieve his object, however, is improbable, and even if he does the permanent effect upon his constitution will inevitably be a serious one. The ride is undertaken on behalf of the makers of a chainless machine. Why they should regard the enterprise as a paying one is not easy to see, except in the matter of merely drawing attention to the machine; its superiority would by no means be demonstrated by a ride of this sort, for it stands to reason that the same mount would not be used throughout, even if the rider succeeded in going through. Possibly the firm in question rely upon the advertisement to tell with that class of people who are influenced by "records" of any kind, and are ready to discount everything the rider does and attribute everything to the machine. Records have been accomplished on the Boudard gear, the Simpson chain, and other mechanical freaks or monstrosities, but one hears little of these wonderful inventions notwithstanding.

The bevel-gear type of machine, by the way, has received an unexpected advocacy from a distinguished quarter. In the course of an article in the *Hub* this week on the important subject "Can the Bicycle be Improved?" Professor Archibald Sharp incidentally expresses a certain amount of liking for the bevel-gear cycle. He grants to the full, however, all that has been urged against its deficiencies, mechanically speaking, and admits the excess of friction as compared with the chain-driven mount. But on the score of neatness and convenience he contends that the chainless idea is worthy consideration, even with reduced efficiency in regard to ease of propulsion. If all chain coverings were fitted as badly as many undoubtedly are it might be inferred that the gear-case, as generally understood, was useless, and that the smaller casings of the bevel-gear were more to be desired; but anyone who has used a metal gear-case of the fixed variety on any of the very few machines on which it is properly fitted will have no hesitation in retaining his preference for the chain. In any case, moreover, to sacrifice efficiency at the altar of convenience is rather more than the average man feels called upon to do.

The question as to what constitutes a legitimate interference with the liberty of the subject is one which provides more cause for discussion in other countries than in our own. In Berlin, for instance, certain regulations as to cycling are in force which have excited the ire of Mr. Poultney Bigelow, who has been describing in an American magazine the trials of a German schoolgirl, whose father, a member of the Reichstag, had presented her with a bicycle. She went out for a ride and was promptly informed by the police that a permit was necessary. Thereupon she visited the police magistrate of her quarter, and was asked various searching and exasperating questions regarding her identity, enquiry being also made as to whether her father assented to her riding. A policeman in uniform visited her home in the evening to obtain corroborative evidence of the latter fact. The little girl started on a ride next day, but was interrupted for want of a proper endorsement on her card, and also learned that she must have the sanction of the imperial police authorities. To gain this she went into the city next day, visited the central police office, and after considerable delay the full certificate was placed in her hands. Owing, however, to her having left it at home she was arrested the very next day and ultimately fined. Mr. Bigelow, who knows Germany very well, characterises the whole system as a vexatious hindrance to personal liberty.

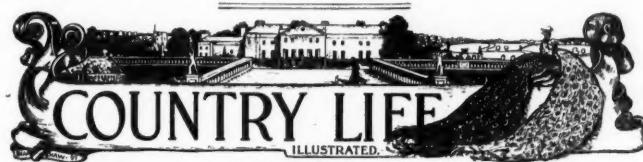
The other side of the case, so far as anything can be said in mitigation of this excess of officialism, is stated in a New York daily by another American, who also knows Germany very well. He defends the regulations in force in Berlin with regard to cycling, the actual text of which he quotes as follows:—

"Riding on bicycles is permitted only to those persons who are more than

twelve years of age. Every bicyclist must be provided with a card issued by the police authorities of his place of residence, made out in his own name, and available for one year. He must have this with him when riding, and if required exhibit it to the inspector. The police authorities may make the issue of cards to those under sixteen years of age dependent on the request of the parents, guardians, or other persons under whose charge the non-adult bicyclist may be living. Independently of the personal responsibility of the non-adult bicyclist in regard to the infringement of these police regulations, the person who makes the request thus guarantees that the bicyclist possesses sufficient skill to manage his wheel on public streets, ways, and squares." In the face of these explicit regulations, the correspondent says:—"What are we to think of a member of the Reichstag who buys his little daughter a bicycle, ignores the necessity of a permit for its use, allows her to ride in the city unlicensed, suffers her to pass nearly four hours at two separate police offices, the visit to the first being entirely unnecessary, and finally, when the permit has been obtained, omits to warn her to carry it about with her?" That parental culpability existed in this case is no doubt true, but the justification for the regulations themselves is by no means established. No one can afford to disregard an existing law, but the reasonableness of the enactment is quite another matter. **THE PILGRIM**

OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

LADY SOPHIE BEATRIX MARY SCOTT, a portrait of whom forms our frontispiece, is the fifth daughter of Earl Cadogan, the popular Viceroy of Ireland, and of the Countess Cadogan. She was married in 1896 to Sir Samuel Edward Scott, the sixth Baronet, and the head of the great banking establishment that bears his name. It is interesting to observe, and in harmony with the real affection of the Vice-regal family for Ireland, that much of Lady Sophie Scott's trousseau was made in Dublin out of Irish materials. The country seats of Sir Samuel and Lady Sophie Scott are Sundridge Park, Bromley, Kent, and two beautiful places in North Harris.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.**

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognized as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

The Polo Season of 1898.

ALTHOUGH another polo season has not yet been formally opened at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, the game has been fairly under way in the provinces for nearly a month past. Nothing is more striking than the immense strides which this game has made since it was first introduced into this country some thirty years ago. From the slow dribbling game

played on small ponies, without any science or system, it has become a fast galloping game, in which science and organisation are of greater importance than individual excellence, and for which nothing but big galloping ponies are of any use.

The great *sine qua non* for a modern polo team is combination, without which no brilliancy on the part of its individual members will be of any avail. Unselfishness and perfect discipline are therefore the most necessary qualities for any player aspiring to make a useful member of a team; and the results of all the principal tournaments of every season invariably go to prove that the well-drilled team is always sure to beat the one whose members think more of their own individual play than the combined game of the whole four. This has of late been especially shown by the extraordinary successes of the Durham Light Infantry in India, where they are the best drilled team ever seen in that country, and where in consequence they have carried everything before them. In this country, again, the Blues had by no means a good team at the beginning of last season, and yet their perfect combination, the result of constant and careful coaching, very nearly won them the Inter-Regimental Tournament at Hurlingham. In fact most people thought them unlucky to be beaten, and their subalterns' team later avenged the defeat by a meritorious victory over the Inniskilling subalterns.

That the season just beginning is likely to be an exceedingly brilliant one there are not wanting signs to foretell. Most of last year's best known players will be seen in the field again when the ball is thrown in for the first time at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, and there has already been talk of several new clubs in the provinces; whilst the demand for ponies has been in excess of anything ever yet known, and record prices are quite the order of the day. The prices made by the Messrs. Miller's ponies at their recent Springhill sale, which was fully dealt with at the time in these columns, are sufficient proof of the increasing popularity of the game, and of the fact that there is a greater demand than ever for really high-class ponies. In fact it is not impossible that such prices as were bid at the extraordinary sale in the Springhill riding school may have a somewhat injurious effect on the game from a general point of view. When bids come thick and fast of sums varying from 500 guineas to 750 guineas it begins to look as if polo may all too soon become a game in which a poor club or regiment must be unfairly handicapped with wealthier rivals. In this connection it has been suggested that no pony should be allowed to play in the Inter-Regimental Tournament for which its owner has given more than a certain fixed price. It is doubtful if this would be possible in practice, though, if it were, it would no doubt tend to equalise matters to a certain extent; and no doubt the advocates of this innovation will use the result of the Springhill sale as another argument in favour of their proposal. Two regiments which will be entered for this year's tournament are the 2nd Life Guards and the Blues, and as most of the best and highest-priced of the Messrs. Miller's ponies went to one or other of these two, it is obvious that they will have an advantage over others whose purses do not run to the luxury of a Springhill polo pony.

On the other hand it is probable that really good men who do not mind taking trouble over their studs will always be able to mount themselves at reasonable prices. These will, of course, have to buy their ponies in the rough and make them themselves; but this should not be too great a trouble for such as are good judges, ride well, and take sufficient interest in the game. Of course those who have neither the time nor the inclination to do this must pay others to do it for them, so that it is a matter which will always equalise itself in the long run. It will probably be found, before the coming season is a week old, that although there are a much larger number of high-priced ponies playing than ever there were before, there are also among the best a large number who were bought at reasonable prices and made by their owners. From the increased number of playing members, both at Hurlingham and Ranelagh, the managers of these two clubs are looking forward to the best season they have ever had; and at the Barn Elms establishment increased prosperity has been practically anticipated by the building of a new pavilion, and several other improvements. Among the country clubs, that at Rugby, which had such an extraordinarily successful season last year, has begun the new one most auspiciously, and is likely to hold its own to the end. Very flattering accounts are to hand too as to the prosperity of the others, which seem to be all going very strong, whilst new ones are constantly springing up in all parts of the kingdom. There ought to be some very first-class polo seen this summer at the Curragh, where those well-known polo regiments, the Inniskillings, the 17th Lancers, and the 14th Hussars, are to be brigaded together under the command of Lord Downe. The 10th Hussars, too, are at Canterbury, the Blues at Windsor, and the 15th Hussars at Aldershot; so that there will be plenty of competition for this year's regimental championship. Altogether this season's polo will probably be the best on record, and there will be no lack of exciting matches for the increasing number of players and spectators, who alike think that there is no game like it, either to take an active part in or to watch.



ENGLISH farmers will be indebted to French viticulturists in the first place, and to German agriculturists later, when they avail themselves of a valuable discovery. We give them ten years to make up their minds to try a new thing, which is probably unduly charitable; but it is none the less true that the discovery is complete now. Vineyards, like corn-fields, are infested by charlock, and they are sprayed. It has now been discovered that by spraying with a five per cent. solution of sulphate of copper, or a fifteen per cent. solution of sulphate of iron (which is cheaper and less injurious to the soil), the charlock can be utterly destroyed without injury to the growing corn at an expense of about 3s. 2d. per acre. This is not only far less costly than the present methods of attacking charlock, but also far more effectual. In fact it obviously must destroy not only the crop of the pestilent weed which is attacked, but all fears of its recurring in the future unless by reason of imported seed. The discovery is clearly of the first order of importance.

While the *Daily News* is astonished at the popularity of the Aberdeen terrier, a phenomenon which merely illustrates the saying that "every dog has his day," the *Standard*, by dint of an appreciative article, has given impetus to an interesting correspondence on dogs notable in history and literature. Gelert, of course, takes a foremost place. For ourselves, we can never think of that noble hound without losing our sad pleasure in reluctant laughter at a ribald rhyme perpetrated in the visitors' book at the Beddgelert Hotel by a Civil Servant:—

"So they built up the Goat where they buried the Kid."

For the rest, the most human of writers have been most successful in depicting canine character. The dogs of Dickens—Sykes' dog, Jip ("David Copperfield"), Diogenes ("Dombey and Son"), Towsler ("The Cricket on the Hearth"), Lion ("Little Dorrit")—are familiar friends. Of all prose writings, Dr. Brown's "Horæ Subsecivæ" are best known by dog lovers. Rab, and John Pym, "shaggy indomitable," are even more complete than Sir Walter's Dandies. When we turn to the poets the list is endless; indeed Mr. Maynard Leonard collected not long ago a whole anthology of canine song. In it is great wealth of beautiful thought. Think of Mrs. Barrett Browning's Flush—

"And this dog was satisfied
If a pale, thin hand would glide
Down his dewlaps sloping."

Remember Robert Browning's "mere instinctive dog," who rescued the drowning child first and then its doll; call to mind the ploughman's collie of Burns, "a rhyming, ranting, raving billie." A good example is Tennyson's "Old Roa," a poem not often noticed, of which we give four lines:—

"Fur 'e's moor good sense na the Parliament man 'at stans fur us 'ere,
An' I'd voit fu him, my oan sen, if 'e could but stan' fur the Shere.
Faithful an' True—them words be i' Scripture—an' Faithful an' True
Ull be fun' upo' four legs ten times fur one upo' two."

Almost upon the heels of Mr. Stacy Marks his old friend Mr. P. H. Calderon has, in the beautiful phrase of the Silurian Celt, "crossed to the other side." They were artists totally distinct in quality, but men who lived in close association, and some of their intimates had already passed away. Mr. Calderon came of good Spanish blood, he was born in France, he was educated in England; and the result was a man in whom kindness and geniality, the sensitive nature of the artist, and the bluff good humour of the Englishman, were combined in a rare blend. His historical pictures—we do not except "St. Elizabeth of Hungary," concerning which there was much prurient outcry—were of the highest order of merit; his pictures of childhood were instinct with that simple dignity and purity which were characteristic of the man. He will be missed by all, but by the students his loss is felt to be irreparable.

A week ago attention was directed to the exceeding uncertainty of pictures as an investment. This week it is a pleasure to note that the works of a great painter, who loved Nature and the open air above all things, have appreciated in a very marked

fashion. What may be called the Academy dinner sale at Christie's showed record prices for the works of the late Sir J. E. Millais. One, "The Order for Release," a wonderful picture, which all men know in one form or another, commanded the huge price of 5,000 guineas. "The Black Brunswicker," bought in 1862 for £810, was sold for 2,650 guineas, and "Yes" and "Afternoon Tea" brought in 1,000 guineas and 1,300 guineas respectively.

It is to be noted with some concern that one of the schemes for making monster hotels with which London is inundated, threatens the house occupied by the Savage Club. The Savages, of course, could carry their traditions, their emblems, and their hospitality elsewhere, although they would never find an abode so pleasant as the sunny home in Adelphi Terrace, nor could they carry away Nansen's writing on the wall. But the real pity would be the destruction of the building which, with its ceilings, is one of the few remaining pieces of the handiwork of the brothers Adam. Number 61, Russell Square, occupied by Mr. Humphry Ward and his wife, and then by the editor of the *Times*, was a survival of the work of the Adams. But the old house is gone, and in its place stands a modern structure occupied by the editor of the *Daily News*.

The protestants against the destruction of the Roman remains at Llanhilleth or Castell Taliorum need not fear to be accused of wild sentimentalism. It is true that the space is now said to be required for an annual sheep fair, but there is abundance of room for sheep fairs elsewhere in the vicinity, and Castell Taliorum does not sound an ideal place in which to chaffer for sheep. It lies on the mountain top between Aberbeeg, of which we hear for the first time, and Pontypool, which is in Monmouthshire. Encouraged by the abundance of cheap labour during the coal strike, the owner has set to work to level the mounds and remains and to build a wall round and about. The work is in full swing; would that it might be arrested. The excavators have disclosed already Roman masonry, Roman, British, and, it is said, Samian pottery, a metal ring, a Roman Imperial coin, and all sorts of things. The owner, curiously enough, is said to resemble Mr. Gladstone in profile. Certainly he has no: Mr. Gladstone's veneration for antiquity.

Yet there are men in that country who have a positive if not a discriminating reverence for antiquity. The Vandalism at Castell Taliorum has been detected by the *Western Mail*. In the adjoining column to that which records the sin against antiquity, a writer who combines the interesting functions of a Druid with the workaday duties of a pressman, discourses on a marriage of local interest. The bridegroom hails from the County Tyrone, but no such prosaic orthography will satisfy "Morien," the rapid-writing bard—Tyrone becomes Ty'r oen, the House of the Lamb, surely a fanciful derivation.

In an "interview" devoted to the performances of Stoddart's team in Australia, Lord Hawke has put the situation plainly, concisely, and sensibly. The Englishmen were outclassed in bowling, and Lord Hawke thinks that Richardson, on whom they placed great reliance, was stale when he started. After all, even men with muscles of steel cannot go on bowling all the year round, though the father of round-arm bowling did practise in a barn in winter. Of the cracked pitches Lord Hawke makes little account; he has played in Australia, and the cracks do not matter so much as you might think. The heat he considers to have been the Englishmen's worst enemy. He has a word to say also of the irregular and too frequent intervals in the game, especially the interval for tea. "If I were not able to field from 2.45 till 8.30 I should begin to suspect my strength." There speaks a stalwart Englishman who has devoted half his life to the national game, with results distinctly beneficial to its status.

The welcome rain has come at last, and the country has shown its appreciation by putting on its loveliest garb. The hay crop especially wanted rain, as without it there would have been no bottom grass, which adds to the sweetness and feeding qualities of the hay. The pastures, too, have benefited immensely, and there is every prospect of a good bite for the cattle which have just been turned out. We can see this in the colour of our butter, which is beginning to take that deeper primrose tint which speaks of lush pastures and the upspringing buttercup. But the rain has benefited everything. The corn crops were some of them beginning to turn yellow for want of moisture and on account of hot days and frosty nights. This is the most trying season of the year for them, and the observant traveller can detect at once land which is ill farmed or badly drained from the yellow patches in the wheat and barley. The dry weather has had one beneficial effect. Continuous horsehoeing has kept down the weeds, which have stood a very poor chance of late. The early sown mangels are beginning to show and the clover sown amongst the barley is coming up.

Prices of store stock at the great spring fairs have not been so high as was expected. At Lincoln Fair last week there was a big show of sheep, but not a large show of cattle. Lincoln Fair is the place to see the Lincoln longwool in all his glory. The race-course is covered with thousands of these with their fleeces almost touching the ground. The prices of wool and mutton are so low just now that graziers have had no great inducement to give high prices. Store cattle at Lincoln were not so dear as they have been.

The experienced grazier will be careful in turning out his cattle into big pastures after the recent rains. Animals which have just come off dry food and roots find the change to rapidly-growing and succulent grass rather trying to their digestive organs. The best corrective is a little decorticated cotton-cake—half a pound per head per day for a sheep, and seven pounds for a bullock.

The corn markets have been very much excited during the past week, and English red wheat of ordinary condition and quality is now worth 50s. per quarter. This price only benefits the capitalist farmer, who has been able to hold his harvest, and as he is not in a hurry to sell, the price is not likely to come much lower at present. The ordinary run of farmers are praying that high prices may hold until the new crop is ready.

No doubt many species of big game will shortly become extinct unless some kind of sanctuary is provided for them. Sanctuary, indeed, is the only feasible plan. Some persons suggest the issue of licences, similar to those issued in relation to the red deer of Newfoundland, authorising each sportsman to kill so many animals of a given kind and no more, the imposition of penalties for killing a cow-elephant, and so forth. But that plan relies too implicitly upon the honour of man, hungry sometimes in any wilderness, especially in the African wilds. Henry Seton Merriman, with his marvellous powers of atmosphere, of describing "the irritability which lurks in the shades of boundless forests, where men may starve for want of animal sustenance," makes us understand the unscrupulousness of Africa. If the beasts are to be preserved it must be by a rigid system of sanctuary. Until they are it is futile to complain, as men have complained, that Lord Delamere's party have killed twenty elephants in a week; others would kill them if Lord Delamere and his friends did not; and after all Mr. Neumann, single-handed but many-gunned, confesses to eleven and some cripples in a single day.

A lady correspondent writes:—"The hunting season is virtually over at Badminton, but we suppose, according to the time-honoured custom of this pack, they will kill a 'May fox.' May we utter a regret for the green velvet coats of the huntsman and whips. As long as we can remember green velvet was worn by them, and the change this winter to green cloth looks poor in comparison—flat, we believe is the artistic term. We miss the soft bloom of the green velvet, and also miss the fine figure of the Marquess of Worcester in it. He has joined the ranks of the 'blue and buff,' and follows where he used to lead, except one day in the week, when he still hunts the hounds himself. We confess we should like to see him again in the velvet, not the cloth, on these occasions. If cloth it must be, we think a far darker colour would be better."

Towards the end of the season a chance observer witnessed a somewhat unusual incident as the Badminton pack were returning to the kennels after a not particularly successful day. They had lost their fox rather late in the afternoon, and hounds, huntsman, and whips were jogging homewards along the road. They had not passed more than 100yds. when the hunted fox appeared, also jogging home along the road, very tired and drabbled. He kept on the macadam for some 50yds., and then got through a gap. Apparently his home lay in the same direction as the kennels, and so he took the shortest route, knowing that business was "off" for the day.

An account of another most regrettable sailing accident reaches us, this time from Havre, in which two gentlemen, one a lieutenant in the French Navy, lost their lives. Casualties of this sort have happened during the last few years with alarming frequency; in fact, scarcely a week goes by during the summer months without news of a sailing boat capsizing, and consequent loss of life. This can in a measure be attributed to the increasing interest taken in the somewhat dangerous sport of small boat racing, which has during recent years progressed by leaps and bounds. For boats are now canvassed out of all proportion to their stability; twenty years ago, one hundred square feet of sail area would have been considered a liberal allowance for a 16ft. open boat, but now nearly as much again is carried by craft of less than the length mentioned above. The danger is lessened when the boats are actually engaged in racing, for then,

generally speaking, plenty of help is at hand, and consequently when the owners of these frail craft find themselves in the water, they are quickly rescued either by one of the competitors or by a friendly boat close at hand. The greatest risk, however, is incurred when these racing craft are used for cruising or ordinary pleasure sailing, for they are on those occasions often partially manned by novices and non-swimmers, while in the event of a capsizing help is often a long way off, with the result that one or perhaps all of the occupants of the boat are drowned.

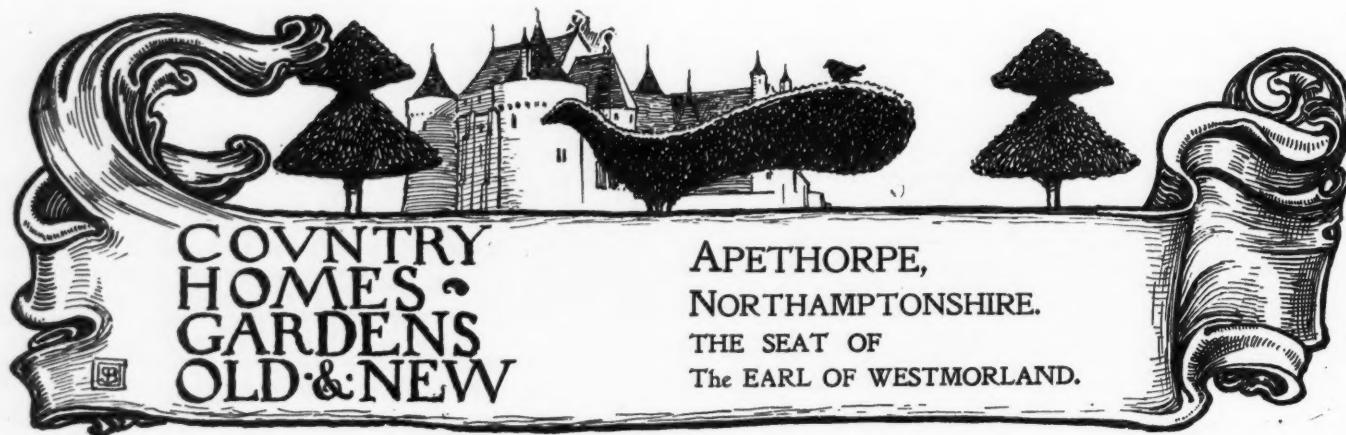
Gardeners are turning their attention more and more to the cultivation of flowering and ornamental shrubs, recognising that these give a protection and pleasure in winter when most flowers fail. Also they are no greater trouble to grow, and once grown are much less trouble to keep in order and good health. Of such favourite shrubs are now the rhododendron, berberis, azalea, and the rest. But while we recognise the good effect of the shrubs that are now generally planted, we cannot but be surprised that their range is so restricted. Gardeners, fond as they are of experiments in many lines, seem loth to try any new departures in this department, perhaps because the transplanting of a shrub of any size means a good deal of trouble.

Especially are people apt to overlook the value of the camellia as an out-of-door and highly decorative shrub. There is a common notion that these are essentially hot-house plants, but a consideration of the climates in which many of them are indigenous proves at once that our climate, with reasonable care, ought not to be too rigorous for them. In point of fact, their hardihood has been sufficiently tested. In several gardens of the writer's acquaintance, where camellias have been planted as outdoor shrubs, they endured the bitter and prolonged frost of the 1894-95 winter very much better than did the laurels, which are commonly regarded as a hardy enough shrub. Some of the latter were cut down at once, others struggled on, and are only even now, so many years later, fully confessing that that winter was fatal to them. But the camellias were not "one penny the worse"—camellias situated in the same garden, with the same aspect. The camellia has this great advantage, that it makes its new growth rather late in the spring, and in consequence escapes the attacks of the last frosts to which other shrubs succumb. And surely it is not necessary to urge the claim of the camellia as a beautiful tree.

At the moment there is no demand, no market for camellias. People no longer grow them much in their houses, but are rather ousting them in favour of choice rhododendrons and azaleas. If you want to sell camellias you are told there is no market for them, and again, if you want to buy a camellia, you are told there are none in the market. Both statements are true, but if you have any luck, this singular position of things ought to help you, rather than hinder you, in getting camellias cheaply. The point of luck turns on whether you know any friends who are clearing camellias out of their houses. If you do, it is more likely than not that you may have them almost for the taking, for their gardeners will probably have told them that they will not "do" in the open air. Take them, and try them—no great harm done if they fail, but a great beauty gained if they succeed; plant them in a place that is fairly sheltered from severe wind from any quarter. The hustling of the wind seems to do these things far more harm than the frost. The nature of the soil is less important, and too much mulching is not good. A soil that will grow the rhododendrons and heaths may suit them best. At all events the experiment is worth trying.

A good deal of amusement has been caused by the excitement created by what was supposed to be an enormous rat being exhibited in the windows of Mr. Williams, the well-known naturalist, of Dame Street, Dublin. The word got out that this rat was killed in Guinness's brewery, and great was the admiration of those who are believers in that firm's noted stout to find that it could turn out such a magnificent rodent. Many were the persons who came in to make enquiries about it. The window was always surrounded by a crowd anxious to get a peep at "Guinness's rat." The "rat" in question is not a rat at all, but a fine specimen of the coypu (*Myopotamus coypu*), a South American mammal of the beaver species. Not long ago a great many people might be seen in one of the principal Dublin streets admiringly gazing on a common heron (*Ardea cinerea*), which had a large label on it intimating that it was a "Hartz Mountain Cock." It is wonderful how ignorant men are of the most ordinary birds and beasts.

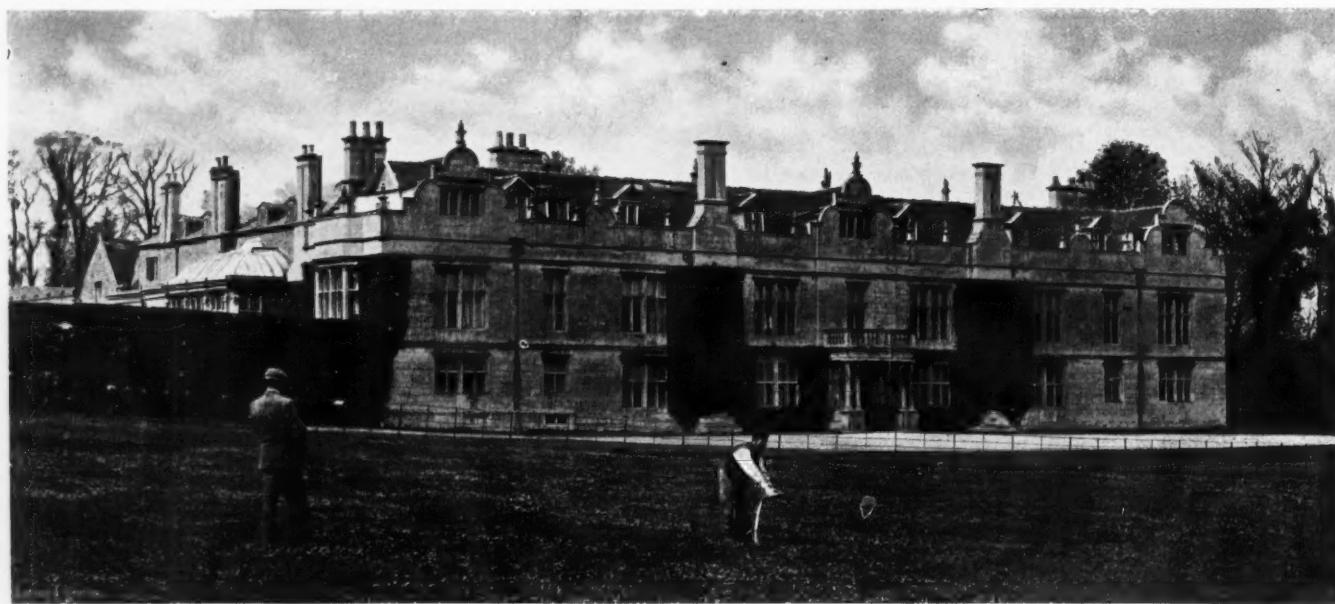
Amongst the latest recruits to the army of pigeon fanciers is to be numbered the Royal Navy. During the past few days Mr. Darbyshire, of Farnworth, has consigned a number of his homers to Gosport, where an official pigeon-loft is maintained, and it is believed that the birds will be very useful in conveying messages from ships to the shore at long distances.



A GREAT deal might be written—and something must—of the founder of Apethorpe, though our chief purpose is to glance at the place of his creation, and more particularly to describe the surroundings with which his successors have adorned it. Sir Walter Mildmay was a remarkable man in the remarkable age of Elizabeth. He had begun his public career long before, in the Court of Augmentations in the time of her father, and stood high in the favour of the Sovereign, to whom his stern Puritanism, his zeal in public affairs, and his patronage of learning greatly commended him. He rose to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and in 1583 was associated with the Lord Admiral, the Lord Treasurer, the Lord Chamberlain, and Sir Francis Walsingham, who was his brother-in-law, on a commission to enquire into the whole state of the Navy, with the view of reforming it, at a time when the shadow of Spain loomed large over the land. He was a commissioner again at the trial of Mary, Queen of Scots, and, with Sir Amyas Paulet, he carried to the unhappy Queen her royal cousin's letter at night at neighbouring Fotheringhay. His portrait hangs in the house he built, which stands in the Valley of the Nen, in the great forest

aspiring youths, or planned by wily elders, to attract the notice of the King. James paid another visit to Mildmay in 1614, and then for the first time met George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, who had been taken to Apethorpe, a youth of sixteen or seventeen, for the purpose, by Anthony Cade. They still show apartments in the house ascribed both to the King and the Duke, and over the mantel of the latter is a representation of the ship which carried Prince Charles and Buckingham to Spain, with a hand supporting the Prince's feathers and the Duke's coronet. There are also two portraits of Buckingham in the house.

Sir Anthony Mildmay's daughter and heiress carried Apethorpe into the family of its present noble possessor by marrying, in 1624, Sir Francis Fane, afterwards created Earl of Westmorland. The Fanes did much to beautify the house of the Mildmays, and to improve its park and gardens. Most of its rare plenishings are due to them, and the fine pictures by Vandyck, Reynolds, and many more depict members of that family. The gardens, as we see them, are of course the work of the Earls of Westmorland.



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THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE"

region of middle England, where the deep, rich soil prospers the sylvan charms of the landscape.

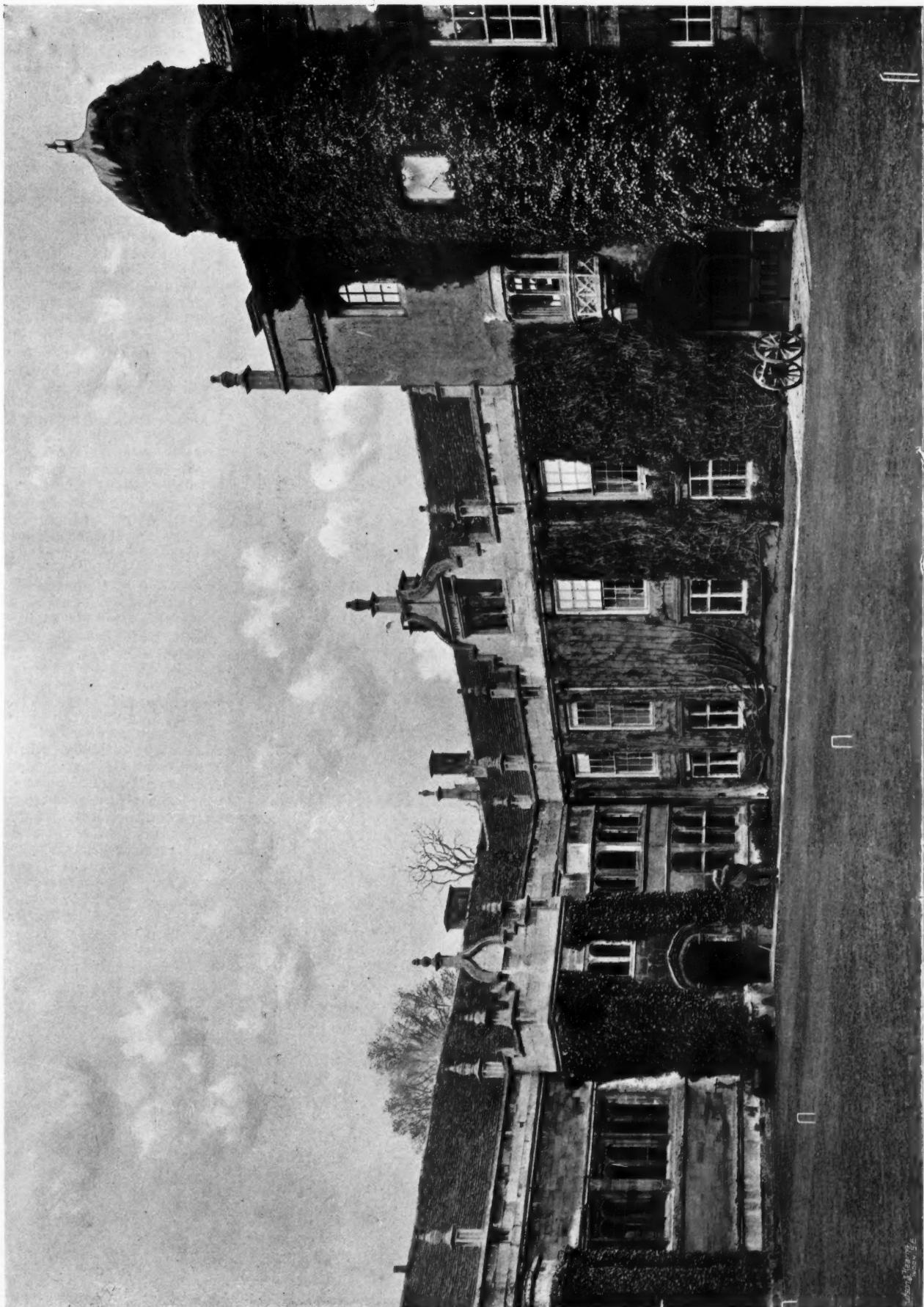
It is a beautiful mansion, marked with the character of its time, but bearing the features of later ages, added by successive hands, as the pictures show. Like Haddon Hall, it has double quadrangles, and closely resembles Emmanuel College, Cambridge, which Sir Walter Mildmay founded in 1584. His son, Sir Anthony Mildmay, succeeded him at Apethorpe, whose wife, Lady Grace—"helpful with phisick, cloathes, nourishment and counsels to any in misery," says her monument in the church—still "walks" the panelled rooms with silent midnight footfall, scattering silver pennies behind her, if credence be given to what the old folks tell.

When James I. journeyed from Scotland in 1603, he stayed at Apethorpe, and, if it be true, as we read, that he presented his host with stone for the building of the east and south sides of the mansion, it cannot have been completed until long after it was begun. When Carr, Earl of Somerset, was declining in the favour of James, many schemes were laid by

Apethorpe can scarcely be better described than in the language of the late Julian Fane. He spoke of the moss-grown mansion as

" Parked in an English pasturage as fair
As any that the grass-green isle can show.
Above it rise deep-wooded lawns ; below
A brook runs riot through the pleasant lands,
And blabs its secrets to the merry air.
The village peeps from out deep poplars, where
A grey bridge spans the stream, and all beyond
In sloping vales and sweet acclivities
The many dimpled, laughing landscape lies.
Four-square, and double-courted, and grey-stoned,
Two quaint quadrangles of deep-latticed walls,
Grass-grown and moaned about by troops of doves,
The ancient house ! Collegiate in name,
As in its aspect, like the famous Halls
Whose hoary fronts make reverend the groves
Of Isis, or the banks of classic Cam."

Such, indeed, is this pleasant Northamptonshire seat of the



GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—APETHORPE: IN THE QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

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Earl of Westmorland. The cloistered calm of its quadrangles, the reposeful aspect of the structure, and the gracious sweetness of the surroundings, will content the beholder more, perhaps, than many a more lordly pile that confronts the sky with soaring turret or lofty embattled tower. Here, you feel, have dwelt men and women who—fulfilling the behest inscribed over the mantel of their hall—have been faithful to the trust, have main-

tained right, banished greed, raised the fallen, and fed the needy. Before we leave their house to inspect the park and garden, let us glance into the courtyard. A quiet, restful scene is indeed before us. There are old stone walls, pierced by mulioned windows, quaint archways and oriels, fine roofs and chimneys, making a place much like a college quadrangle, as doubtless Sir Walter Mildmay intended it to be. What can be more delightful than to tread the well-kept turf, velvet-like as we go, that lies within college walls? And Apethorpe has much of that charm. Here, too, is a lovely greensward, affording the finest relief, by contrast, to the grey walls, reflecting a delicious tone into their shadows, completing and enhancing a beautiful whole. Nothing can be more suitable than such a grassy setting for old stone-work, as anyone may see who has noticed the effect of a well-kept lawn sweeping up to a venerable wall. If the walls of the court at Apethorpe are not stained with lichen, they are covered in part with a luxuriant growth of climbers, which revel in the alternate sunshine and shade and the shelter the court affords. Imagination, aided by the pictures, will conjure up the scene; and those who have followed this series of old English homes, recognising many a parallel for the beautiful features of Apethorpe, will catch the enchanting spirit of the place and understand its charm. Then they will be prepared for the beauties of the well-kept garden, and the pleasures of the park that surrounds this favoured abode.



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THE OLD BANQUETING HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Field Trials and Their Followers.

FOR the last few weeks the interesting competitions known as the Spring Field Trials have been going on in different parts of the country. Their following is an exceedingly limited one, and, apart from the handlers, the number of sportsmen who have gone the complete round can be counted on the fingers. The trials, however, are full of interest to owners and breeders of dogs broken to the gun, and it is from this class that the regular followers are drawn. A few attend the meetings year after year in the hope of securing useful dogs when autumn comes round and there is a general exodus to the moors or parts of rural England where heavy game bags are to be had. Others turn up with similar regularity by reason of their fondness of seeing sporting dogs at work; whilst there is always a sprinkling of local sportsmen who, having little else to do, patronise the gatherings simply because there happens to be no meet of the hounds and no point-to-point steeplechase within reach that particular day.

Then there are gentlemen who annually support the trials with the very laudable ambition of being able to bring a dog capable of winning a stake or of gaining a certificate of merit. Then come the breakers and handlers of the dogs, and among these none are more popular, or indeed more successful, than the Bishop family, Elias o' that ilk being able to trace back the pedigree of a dog for half a century, and, said he to the writer in discussing the breeding of one of the competitors at the Ipswich trials, "my father used to talk of this strain, and he could go back fifty years before my time."

In the group WAITING THEIR TURN, taken by a COUNTRY LIFE photographer at Bedford last week, Archie Bishop, the youngest member of the family, is easily distinguishable on the left. He has in hand Mr. A. E. Butter's pointer, Ben of Newark, a winner at Shrewsbury the previous week, and his uncle's (Mr. Elias Bishop's) setter, Bloss of the West. Neither was, however, successful, although in the all-aged event Ben, who surprised everyone by his excellent show at the Shropshire gathering, was among the dogs called up for the second round. Against Mons. Cailliard's Aladdin he performed very indifferently, and was not given a further chance. But for false pointing, and making a half start after a hare, he would certainly have been in the prize-list. The centre figure of the

group is Kingsbury, Mr. W. Arkwright's handler. He has in hand the black and white pointer Unco' Guid, a winner in the Acton Reynald Stake at Shrewsbury, but quite outworked at Bedford. He is, however, a staunch worker, although a little faulty in backing, but may be expected to do better on grouse at



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THE JUDGES CONSULTING.

"C.L."

the Bala trials, already fixed for the last week in July. Lauder, Sir Humphrey de Trafford's breaker, with the Irish setter, Punchestown, and the English setter, Barton Charmer, both winners in the field and on the bench, complete the group.

The Judges, in this case Lord Alfred Fitzroy and Mr. T. J. Harrison, had not so difficult a task at Bedford as had their colleagues either at the Kennel Club gathering at Ipswich or the National meeting at Shrewsbury. The meeting lasted but two days, the end of the card being reached shortly after two o'clock on the second day. Every point made by the dogs must be seen and noted by the judges, who, once the competing animals are put down, have the sole control of them. A dog must be worked, according to the rules of the Kennel Club, by "an owner, his keeper, or deputy . . . but it must be one or the other, and, when once the dogs are down, an owner must not interfere with his dog if he has deputed another person to work him." The person hunting a dog may speak, whistle, and work him by hand as he thinks proper, but he can be called to order by the judges for making an unnecessary noise, and if he persists in doing so, they can order the dogs to be taken up and he will be out of the stake. An opponent's dog may not be interfered with or excited, or an appeal can be made to the judges; and if the opponent's dog points game, the other dog is not to be drawn across him to take the point, but if not backing of his own accord, he must be brought round the other dog. Dogs must be worked together, and their keepers must walk within a reasonable distance of one another. Such is the *modus operandi*, and it can be readily understood how interesting the trials are made. There is no question of favouritism, although at one of the meetings the writer overheard a dissatisfied handler, who ought to have been expelled from the ground, declare that it was all very fine for —'s dogs to be put down in wheat where birds were certain to be, whilst his were put down on fallow, where the odds were against partridge being found. This was, of course, merely an accident for although the judges are supplied with the names of the dogs which are competing, their fairness in giving the animals a thorough test before ordering them to be taken up was unassailable all through the series. That was, at all events, our opinion, and we were among the four or five enthusiasts who went the entire round. What this meant in walking it would be difficult to estimate, for one loses



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WAITING THEIR TURN.

"COUNTRY LIFE"



Copyright WOOLTON DRUID, WINNER ALL-AGED STAKES, BEDFORD

"C.L."

all count of distance as the trials proceed. Our driver at Shrewsbury, however, on the third day declared nearly twenty-five miles had been traversed. Say fifteen, however; multiply that by seven, the number of days the trials were on, and one gets the fair aggregate of 105 miles hard going, over every kind of ground too. But what a preparation for a trying summer is a course of field trials, and how tired and hungry we all were on returning to headquarters each evening. How we ate and slept through the delightful three weeks the trials lasted! The good sportsmen we met, too; the charming villages and scenery we drove through on our way to the various meets in Suffolk, Salop, or Bedfordshire, will long live in our memory; and it was with the hope of again and again going the round of the spring trials that we bade farewell to our fellow voyageurs at St. Pancras just week ago.

BIRKDALE.

to children, had been found in the heart of a cabbage. This explains why one of a writer's volumes may circulate largely and the next not at all. There is no vision of a connection. In France, on the contrary, the book has a human parentage, and this humanity remains a conspicuous part of the matter."

These are the words of Mr. Henry James in his American Letter to *Literature*. They are fine, and a trifle vague; but I take Mr. James to mean that English readers, as compared with French readers, think too little of the writer and are unduly apt to treat each book as a thing standing alone; and, if this be the meaning which Mr. James intends to convey, then I can but regret that, pretty and delicate writer as he is, he reads the signs of the times erroneously. The fact is that we trouble ourselves far too much about the man. We invent disease for him, witness the stories of the break-down of Mr. H. G. Wells, who is quite well. We "interview" him, see the last *Academy*, in which Mr. Bernard Shaw is permitted to parade his paradoxes, laughing in his sleeve the while. We follow Mr. Frank Stockton into his study and watch him lying in a hammock and thinking out his work, which is really not at all thoughtful. In passing, it would be pleasant to follow the example of Mr. Stockton, or of the late Lord Chief Justice, who had a habit of thinking with his eyes shut, or of the late Sir Lewis Cave, whose attitude of thought was similar to that of the



THE great difference—to speak broadly—between the French reading public and the English is that 'literary success' is for the one the success of the author, and for the other the success of the book. The book has often, for the English public, the air of a result of some impersonal, some mechanical process, in which, on the part of the producing mind, a particular quality or identity, a recognisable character and cast, are not involved. It is as if the production, like the babies whose advent is summarily explained

Chief, save that he opened his mouth also. One might lie on a sofa, smoking gently, dozing occasionally; but it would take some nerve to describe the occupation as "work."

Mr. Stockton's method of labour reminds me of an Irish friend concerning whom I lately made anxious enquiry. "Ah! Dick has got an appointment?" "What does he do?" "Nothing at all from morning to night." That, it occurred to me, was the kind of appointment that would suit a number of my friends, and some of them would be capable of holding two or three hundred similar appointments simultaneously.

But, as a matter of fact, our authors both gain and lose by the fact that the "human parentage" is recognised. Henry Seton Merriman wrote "The Sowers" and made his mark; promptly there was a demand for "With Edged Tools" and "Young Mistley," a demand which had ample justification in the sterling merits of the works. Anthony Hope burst into fame with "The Dolly Dialogues" and "The Prisoner of Zenda." Immediately some of his earlier books, hardly perhaps worthy of the honour, were reprinted. It is a commercial world; the literary agents and the publishers were on their tracks at once; their prices were raised. But to their honour be it said that both of them (I am more certain of one than of the other) continued to write on the old terms for the journals which had recognised their merits in a practical way, by publishing their work when they were unknown.

But the recognition of parentage has its disadvantages also, as some notable examples have shown of late. The critics write as though they thought that the literary children of the same parent ought all to be identical in character. It is true that when this theory of the critics is justified of her children, as in the case of Mr. Stanley Weyman—"Mr." because he uses his real name—the critics grumble over his poverty of imagination. But their complaint against monotony is not a circumstance to the resentment which they show to variety. In a family of living children one may be fair, one dark, one sandy; they may have eyes blue, grey, hazel, brown, or black; and they may all be pleasing to the eye. But woe be to the literary father whose children vary. Anthony Hope produces "Simon Dale," a book which, standing alone, would certainly be reckoned great. The critics will have none of it. Mr. Robert Hichens, the man of gloom and passion, the dark satirist of social follies, the painter of pathos, bursts out into ebullient merriment in "The Londoners," and the reviewers cry out almost with one voice against him. The sober-sided *Athenaeum* says, "It would be better characterised as a social farce its chief defects are its exaggeration and extravagance." *Literature* is equally ponderous in its censure. The *Cat's Paw* declares that "for ordinary readers it would be twice as enjoyable if half the absurdities were weeded out." Even so, I take it, the Scots reviewer who had suffered the surgical operations necessary to a perception of the remaining half would be left in condition not less pitiable than that of the Chinaman condemned to suffer the death by a thousand cuts.

A contemporary has taken a new departure in devoting a column or thereabouts to reviews of "proper French Novels," which sounds very pretty and delicate. But let us see how the process will work in practice. By merely looking at the titles, the searcher after *improper* French novels will learn that "Le Mariage de Léonie," "Sous Mari," "Marie, Premier Amour," and "Amour et Gloire" are not his eat. That is a pity, for they might have done him good. I am not at all sure that to label a French novel "proper" is not to libel it. And then it is so easy to make mistakes, or what seem mistakes to others, in making recommendations of this kind. One may not be

in the mood to draw the covert for impropriety as one reads; carried away by the author's art, and immersed in the pathos of the situation, one may so readily fail to observe that the relations of the characters are not quite *à mme et à moi*. The only critic whom I fear will remember the trouble that came to me for recommending, in all sincerity, to young girls Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes." Besides, what is "proper" and what "improper"? For what class is the distinction drawn? Is the story of Lancelot and Guinevere to be tabooed? How about David Grieves performances in Paris? Is "Esther Waters" a tract or mere dirt? Are there to be expurgated editions of "Tom Jones" or of "Pendennis" by reason of Helen's suspicions of Fanny? Surely this is a dangerous move. I have fought in a humble way, but with dogged pertinacity, against the corrupting influence of the decadents, but I should hesitate to condemn any book of impropriety, unless it were perfectly clear that unpleasant incidents and relations had been introduced merely for the sake of revelling in unpleasantness.

Books to be looked for eagerly, either during this week or very soon, are Mr. G. A. B. Deward's "In Pursuit of Trout" (Dent), to which Sir Edward Grey contributes—Mr. Deward's "Book of the Dry Fly" was as graceful as it was accurate—Mr. Trevor Batty's "Northern Highway of the Tsar" (Constable), Meine Muriel Dowie's (Mrs. Norman) new novel, with its scene in the Balkans, the romance in which Mr. Andrew Lang is collaborating with Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and Lady Newdigate-Newdigate's "The Cheverel Manor."

Mr. H. E. Stewart's "The Birds of Our Country" (Digby Long) is wonderfully complete of its kind, and a god-send to young ornithologists. But Mr. Stewart should be careful of his syntax. Of cuckoos he writes, "According to Seebold, the males are much more common than the females; and it would appear that they do not pair at all." It would be of very little use if they did. But in spite of blemishes of this kind this is a thoroughly useful book.

Books to order from the library:—

"The Hon. Sir Charles Murray." Sir H. Maxwell. (Blackwood.)
"Paul Kruger and His Times." F. R. Statham. (Unwin.)
"The Going Pilgrim on Many Links." Horace Hutchinson. (Methuen.)
"Where the Trade Wind Blows." Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield. (Macmillan.)
"A Race for Millions." David Christie Murray. (Chatto and Windus.)
"Miss Erin." M. E. Francis. (Methuen.)

LOOKER-ON.

MR. MACLAREN'S WEDDING.

IT is within our power, as it is also our pleasure, to give an illustration of a wedding group in which we believe our readers will be interested. The photograph was taken on the occasion of the marriage of Mr. A. C. MacLaren, the popular captain of the Lancashire Eleven, to Miss Kathleen Maud Power, at South Yarra, just before the conclusion of the Australian tour of Mr. Stoddart's team.

The ceremony took place at Christ Church, on March 17th, and was performed by the Rev. Canon Tucker, Mr. Priestly acting as best man. As will be seen from our illustration by those to whom their faces are familiar, the members of the English Eleven were present at the festivities which were held to celebrate the happy and important event.

It is foreign to our purpose to describe the dresses, guests, and presents, the latter of which were both "numerous and costly," to use the reporter's phrase, but to show that Mr. MacLaren had the old country at heart while away in Australia it may be said that his presents to the bridesmaids consisted of bangles with a tricolour knot, the colours of the English team.

The account of the ceremony tells us that the spectators—and there were not a few, the church being crowded to suffocation—were highly excited, and, indeed, almost unruly. At the conclusion of the service the decorations on the chancel screen were torn down and carried away as "mementoes of Mr. MacLaren's wedding." It seems a pity that on such an occasion of public interest the conduct of the crowd should have been of a nature to spoil the harmony of the event.

Mr. MacLaren and his bride arrived in England last week by the Orient liner *Ormuz*, landing at Plymouth, from whence they journeyed by rail to Reading.



THE WEDDING PARTY.

IN TOWN: "Lord and Lady Algy."

HERE is a real comedy at the Comedy Theatre; a bright and amusing play, with a pleasant dash of modern sentiment. "What is 'modern' sentiment?" might not unreasonably be the question. Modern sentiment, I take it, is sentiment hidden under the veneer of indifference and "good form." The same emotions rule the world now as have ruled it since it first came into existence; but we do not give expression to them; we do not weep and wave our arms; we do not strut and make grimaces. The more deeply we are moved the calmer we become; in moments of greatest stress our demeanour is the most unruffled; we may be in the midst of most devastating misfortune, but we strive to reach the sublime point of immobility possessed by our lackeys. We bear pain as stoically as

they listen to a funny story at the dinner-table. For the height of good breeding we must go to Madame Tussaud's.

It is like this at the Comedy—allowing a little, a very little, latitude for the necessities of dramatic effect. It is a bit of modern Society put on the stage. There are all sorts of emotions and passions—a husband's jealousy, a wife's frailty, a lover's importunity, a good fellow's sacrifice. They are all there, just as they are in a Surrey melodrama. But they hardly cause a ripple on the surface of the placid life of the people on the stage; hardly an elevation of an eyebrow; hardly the quiver of a muscle on the part of the ladies and gentlemen concerned. There is a parvenu who gets excited and wants to punch somebody's head; but he only makes the general imperturbability

the more pronounced. We can give Mr. R. C. Carton no higher praise than to say that he moves and attracts us from first to last, in spite of this well-bred calm; that he has had the skill and the power to be able to impress us how real and serious it all is, to interest us in his characters, in their doings, because we feel that beneath the polished surface there are maelstroms and whirlpools at work, just as there were when every passion had its appropriate gesture, every emotion its recognised attitude; we see them to-day in an Italian pantomime.

All the nice people in "Lord and Lady Algy" are desperately afraid of being thought any better than they should be; they shudder at the idea of being found out in doing a good action. If they are discovered they give only the worldliest motives for their conduct. Is not this the tone of modern Society? It is, exactly. The young fellow who is running straight on the stage of the Comedy Theatre, like the young fellow who is running straight on the stage of life, is careful to tell us that it isn't because he cares a fig for the ethical side of the matter, but because it is materially advantageous to do so. And all the time, more often than not, he is a thorough "good un," as Mr. Carton's characters would say, with a heart of gold.

Exactly such a one is Lord Algernon Chetland. He gambles; he is living apart from his wife; he is up to his eyes in debt. He helps his brother to flirt with a married woman; he gets tipsy in the ball-room of his friend. But he loves his wife; he keeps faithful to her; he persuades the silly creature whose loyalty to her husband his sanctimonious brother almost undermines to go back to her home before she takes the final plunge; he has drunk more than is good for him to screw up his courage that he may do a good turn to a friend. But do you think he would put forward these excuses for his misconduct? Oh, dear no; he would far rather everyone should put the worst construction on every act. He and his wife are really very fond of each other. But they haven't much money; they don't quite "hit it off"; they smoke different brands of cigarettes; their "fancies" for the winners of handicaps and "plates" are always opposed. They are both thorough "good sorts"—slangy, careless, irresponsible, but a lady and a gentleman every inch of them. His eldest brother, a politician of standing, a guardian of public morals, is carrying on a violent flirtation with a romantic young married woman, and the rendezvous is Lord Algy's rooms. She is discovered there by his wife, his father, her husband. Later, at a fancy dress ball, Lord Algy is ordered from the house by the husband. But Lord Algy keeps silent. He has not received his hypocritical brother's permission to speak; and, rather than betray him, he sees his wife, for whom his heart is really aching, almost hopelessly alienated, his father virtuously indignant; he bears the insults of his old friend, and endures the indignity of being metaphorically kicked out of the house. All this this young good-for-nothing, this lazy man-about-town, submits to rather than betray a trust; and I venture to think that this stage figure is the prototype of many, many young scapergaces in real life. But they give themselves out to be sad dogs, don't they? In the end, after a brilliant scene of sparring and equivoque between the four men concerned, while the woman is hidden in another room, everything is made right for Lord and Lady Algy, and a very charming play comes to an admirable finish. Even to the end we are quite cool and collected. They sit quietly down. She asks for a cigarette. He is so sorry, he has only the kind she dislikes—Egyptians. "Never mind," she says, "I am going to smoke Egyptians." And, in a moment or two, the curtain falls.

You cannot gather from this poor narrative of the story how bright and brilliant it all is. You can have no idea of the witty sallies, the grace of diction, the fun of the horsey slang. Nor can you appreciate the broader humours of Mr. Hawtrey's genial tipsiness when, disguised as the Duke of Marlborough, he is trying to keep his eye on the lady of the house; the truth and effect of the sudden silence when the dancing is stopped, the guests crowd round, and Lord Algy is bidden to leave the house; the sincerity of that moment when, as he stands there dazed and crestfallen, his wife stands by him, and, in the conversational tone of perfect equanimity, tells him they will take a cab and drive away together. It is all comedy, truly; but it is drama, real, throbbing drama, too, though you have to look for it beneath the surface.

Admirably acted in every instance, and beautifully mounted, Mr. Carton's play is, perhaps, the play of the moment.

B. L.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

THE success of "The Belle of New York" at the Shaftesbury will probably lead to the invasion of England by a whole host of musical farces from the United States. Mr. Charles Frohman, the ubiquitous American manager, already threatens us with "A Stranger to New York," and others will follow in due course, unless they are seized by the Spaniards as contraband. "The Belle of New York" is the "smart" piece of the moment; it is the *chic* thing to see, and the drawing-room terror considers himself hopelessly out of date unless he can inflict us with the principal airs from the play.

The epidemic of "baby" plays has not, so far, introduced us to anything very novel or startling; and the disease will probably run its course without

any great temperature or excitement being created among the British public. "The Club Baby," at the Avenue, is a bad second to "The J.P." at the Strand; "Shadows on the Blind" a poor third. "The J.P." is really amusing in a primitive way, and it is quite possible, if you are in a good humour at the start, to laugh at its eccentricities. In a more modified way you might be amused, too, by "The Club Baby," though its frolics are rather of the infantile order, which perhaps is not inappropriate to the circumstances. In each of these pieces we see ladies disguised as men, and the result is not so displeasing as might be thought. But "Shadows on the Blind" reaches a depth of insanity which surely cannot be overlooked. There is no need for me to occupy time and space by going very thoroughly into any of these long clothes farces. At Terry's, Mr. Edward Terry acts in his own amusing and mercurial fashion, his comic despair being as funny as it always is. Miss Esmé Beringer,



Photo, by London MISS ESMÉ BERINGER. Stereoscopic Co.

a young and clever actress of the "intense" school, is to be commiserated on the ridiculous part she is called upon to play in this piece. As usual, she acts it "for all it is worth," and it is not her fault if it makes no impression whatever. Miss Beringer has talent of what may be a high order. She has intelligence and power. But these gifts make her efforts in a silly affair like "Shadows on the Blind" all the more irritating.

"The Master," Mr. Stuart Ogilvie's piece at the Globe, affords Mr. John Hare the opportunity of presenting to us another of his admirable character studies, and is in itself an interesting and amusing work.

"The White Heather" is to be revived at Drury Lane. One of the chief scenes is a fancy dress ball. In "Lord and Lady Algy," at the Comedy, one of the chief scenes is a fancy dress ball. In "Little Miss Nobody," shortly to be done at the Lyric, one of the chief scenes is to be a fancy dress ball. The British Drama is divided between fancy dress balls and babies.

The Opera this year is to consist of Wagner Cycles, with Mozart, Meyerbeer, Gounod, etc., as padding. Wagner is a very excellent thing in its way, but it is possible to have too much Wagner—though the enthusiast will not admit it. Even the half-crown gallery is to be reserved for these special Wagner performances. This is a democratic age, and it is only in the gallery that attention is not divided between the music and our neighbours' diamonds, between gems of melody and gems of carbon.

The journalists whose outburst of fiery indignation about the wickedness of "The Conquerors" was followed by correspondence in their papers for and against the morality of that play are in the position of the man who tried to quench a fire by pouring paraffin on it. No doubt the intentions are excellent, but the methods are dubious.

I give a short list of the best plays of various kinds to be seen in town by those whose time is limited and who are not able to sample everything:—

Classical Drama	"Julius Caesar."—Her Majesty's.
Comedy	"Lord and Lady Algy."—Conedy.
	"The Little Minister."—Haymarket.
	"Trelawny of the 'Wells.'"—Court.
Sensational Drama	"The Heart of Maryland."—Adelphi.
Comic Opera	"La Poupée."—Prince of Wales's.
	"The Gondoliers."—Savoy.
Musical Comedy	"The Geisha."—Daly's.
	"The French Maid."—Vaudeville.
Farce	"The Belle of New York."—Shaftesbury.
	"Too Much Johnson."—Garrick.



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AT THE POST FOR THE TWO THOUSAND.

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THE START FOR THE TWO THOUSAND

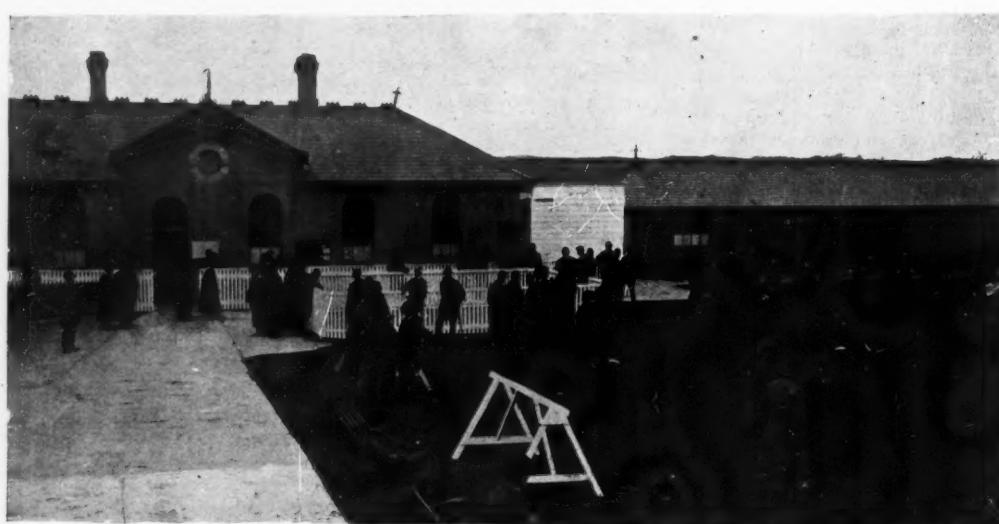
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RETURNING TO WEIGH IN.

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OUTSIDE THE WEIGHING ROOM.

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Racing Notes.

IT has been frequently stated in these columns, since the conclusion of last year's racing season, that Disraeli was the best-looking colt of his age, and would probably turn out the best as well, Cyllene always excepted. For some hitherto unaccountable reason, the last-named disgraced himself sadly on the only occasion on which he has appeared in public as a three year old, though it may not be wise to condemn him utterly on that account. Disraeli, on the other hand, has shown, by winning the first of the three year old classic events, that he has at least held his own in improvement with the best of his own age during the winter. The principal reason why I always had such a fancy for Disraeli was founded on his public form, the only safe guide as a rule. Another cause was his breeding, which is of itself almost sufficient to ensure his being a racehorse. By Galopin out of Lady Yardley, by Sterling, her dam Leda, by Weatherbit. Here is a beautiful cross of Blacklock (twice) and Birdcatcher (twice), two bloods which never fail to nick, with two strains of Touchstone, and one each of Melbourne and Weatherbit. With his make and shape it would be difficult to find a fault. A nicely-balanced, short-coupled horse, he fills the eye at once as a racehorse of class, whilst, although not a big one, he is every atom use, and full of quality. A very nice colt is Brio, but I cannot say that I liked the leggy Wantage, although he showed in the race that he can go. The Jenny Howlet colt could hold his own with the best for looks, but I am afraid he is a dreadful thief. He ran fast for about six furlongs, as did Hawfinch, and then Ninus looked to be going best, until, halfway down the Bushes Hill, Disraeli began to assert himself, and staying better than anything else up the hill he won easily by a length and a-half.

There was nothing very important about the first day's racing at Newmarket, though I was interested to see how Mauchline would perform in the Hastings Plate. She was not backed on Tuesday last, so I conclude she is not yet fit, and perhaps she will improve on that performance later on in the season. At the same time, I do not think she will ever make a good mare, and on this occasion she was beaten by the two sons of Bend Or, Locarno and Ind.

The principal features of Thursday's racing were the defeat of that dreadful impostor Ravensdale in the Ely Plate and the maiden victory in this country of the Waler Newhaven II. The first of these two was in receipt of no less than 36lb. from Ugly, but for all that, although he naturally started a hot favourite, he could never make the least impression on Lord Wolverton's horse. If the tales we were told before Lincoln about what Ravensdale could do with Kilcock had been true, what sort of a horse would Ugly be? It was small wonder that the odds of 9 to 4 should have been laid on Newhaven II, beating his solitary opponent, Bridgroom II., for the March Stakes over the Rowley Mile, and he had won his race everywhere.

It is very likely that this year's fillies are above the average, and certainly no one could want to see two finer three year olds than Sir John Blundell Maple's pair, Nun Nicer and Royal Footstep, who represented him in the One Thousand Guineas. It was a fine race, but Nun Nicer stayed better than anything else, and won by a length from the outsider Airs and Graces, with another outsider, Alt Mark, third. The leggy Lowood ran pretty well, and finished fourth, but the good-looking St. Ia, the aristocratic Elba, and the neat, quick-looking Ayah, all ran disappointingly. The

race was run through at a good pace. There were only four in it as they began the ascent out of the dip, and halfway up the hill there was only one, the daughter of Common and Priestess, who won her race quite easily at the finish.

There seems to be no end to the march of progress at Hurst Park, and visitors to that very up-to-date racecourse on Saturday last found that several new arrangements had been made for their comfort since the last meeting. The racing, too, keeps on improving in quality, and the Hurst Park Spring Handicap of 1,000 sovereigns brought together a good field of milers, and produced a very interesting race. With Yorker, Believin, Chasseur, Sheet Anchor, supposed to have an outside chance for the Derby, and Clipstone among the field, it was bound to be a good betting race, and the last-named started favourite at 6 to 1, Brechin and Yorker being backed at 7 to 1 and 8 to 1 respectively. In the end Mr. C. S. Newton's useful five year old won by a length from St. Fort, Chaleureux being third, and Sheet Anchor fourth. On Saturday we shall be assembling at Kempton Park, as usual, to watch that always interesting handicap, the Jubilee Stakes. A very open race, too, it generally is, and is no less so than usual on this occasion. That the top weight will be making a bold show at the distance is very probable, but I doubt his quite staying home over a mile, and I must admit that on this occasion I prefer the American-bred Berzak, who showed some smart form twelve months ago. The Cambridgeshire winner, Comfrey, is sure to have a big following, as also are Minstrel and General Peace, but Eager is a very high-class horse, and as he has shown that he can just get a mile, I think that on this flat course, and with 8st. 9lb. on his back, he will just get home.

PUNCHESTOWN.

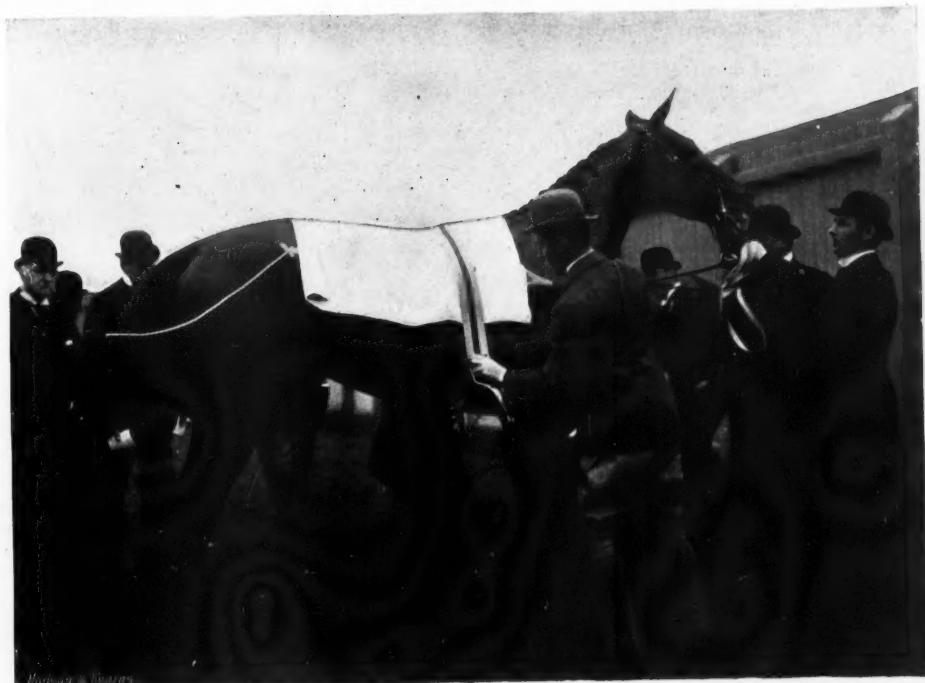
THERE are very few men, or women, especially such as love cross-country sport and cross-country horses, and who have ever been to Punchestown, who have not enjoyed it more than almost any other meeting in the kingdom. For myself, I must unhesitatingly say that I much prefer seeing the steeple-chasing at Punchestown to any other in the world. In my riding days I used to think there was no course to be compared to it for riding over, and now, as a mere spectator, I still put it first of all. In the first place there is such an air of genuine sport about the whole place, especially the course itself. The races, too, are run over a real natural country, which is a very rare thing in these days; in fact, the four miles of the Conyngham Cup course afford just such a line as has to be negotiated any day in a good run with the Kildare hounds. Then, too, there is a great charm in the variety of the fences. In England these are all cut and dried according to rule, and the artificial obstacles on English steeplechase courses are not only built with



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tape and measure, but, go where you will, are almost identically the same. Then, again, what fields one sees at Punchestown. In this country it is a rare thing to see a field of steeple-chasers run into double figures; at the Kildare and National Hunt Meeting it is the exception not to do so, and it is quite a common thing to see twenty starters, or more, cantering down to the post. All this from a sportsman's or a sportswoman's point of view; for the rest, it is one of the principal social gatherings of the year. What a number of old friends one is always certain to meet in the Kildare Hunt Stand Enclosure, many of whom one may not have seen for years. The soldiers from Newbridge, the Curragh, and Naas are always to the fore with a hearty welcome and unbounded hospitality for everyone; whilst the fair maids and dainty matrons of Erin are not one whit behind their English sisters in the interest they take in their own and other people's costumes. Certainly this year's anniversary was not in any way behind what we always expect of Punchestown, except perhaps in the quality of the horses which took part in it, and



Lafayette.

THE RACE FOR THE MAIDEN PLATE.

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that, after all, must always be a more or less variable quantity. The weather, on the first day especially, could hardly have been pleasanter, and most of the old well-known faces were again to be seen, whilst among the celebrities present were Their Excellencies the Lord Lieutenant and the Countess Cadogan, and Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, together with a host of well-known men and women from both sides of St. George's Channel.

Proceedings on the first day began with the Tradesmen's Plate, which was won easily by the favourite, Cradfoot, after Crois de Lviton had fallen at the last fence; and then a good-looking field of eleven turned out for the Military Steeplechase. Mandolin III., by Atheling, and Betsy, ridden by Major Hughes Onslow and Captain Crawley respectively, were the two most fancied, and they came right away from their field two fences from home; but the first-named stayed the longest, and he won pretty easily in the end. Everyone would have liked to see Mr. Percy La Touche win the Kildare Hunt Cup with Killougher, but, although he was a good second, he was unable to beat the favourite, Young Spark; and then we came to the Maiden Plate, which brought out a capital field of fifteen. Not only that, but it provided a most exciting race as well, and there was just as much cheering and enthusiasm among the Irish crowd as there would have been on an English course when the Prince of Wales's Ambush II., a four year old by Ben Battle, came again in the last 200yds., and, beautifully handled by Anthony, beat Glenartney by a bare length and a-half. A very well-known mare on English courses is that charming daughter of Babil and Mill Pond, Sweet Charlotte, and for all her weight and the fact that she was running three miles, which is rather beyond her distance, she had plenty of friends for the Prince of Wales's Plate. A very promising four year old named Windall was made favourite, but although he beat all the rest, he could never make any impression on Sweet Charlotte, who won very easily by ten lengths. By Goldfinch—Miss Babil. What a pedigree for a jumper! What wonder if the five year old daughter of these two representatives of Birdcatcher should make a great chaser. This is Gold Wench, who galloped clean away from Defence, Tipperary Boy, and six others in the Drogheada Stakes.

The second day was big with the fate of that important chase, the Conyngham Cup, which has been won by so many great horses in its time. The first time I ever rode in this race, which is run over the Conyngham Cup course of four miles, it was won by that sweet mare, Frigate, and I remember noticing all the way through how beautifully she jumped. She afterwards won the Grand National. Other very good chasers that have won it since then have been Come Away, Small Talk, Royal Meath, the first-named twice, whilst Lady Helen, who took it in 1892, was a good mare, of not quite the same class as the others I have just mentioned. Rose O'Neill and Ravenwood were the two most fancied on this occasion, but these both came to grief early in the contest, and Acrobat, who had made every post a winning post from the fall of the flag, won in a canter from Le Marquis. The winner is a very fine horse indeed, and evidently a rare sticker, but he is built quite on hunter lines, and certain

lacks the quality one expects to see in a Conyngham Cup winner. The Farmers' Challenge Cup for half-bred horses is always an interesting race, and I remember the time when a host of English dealers used to go over to Punchestown on the chance of picking up a promising young horse out of this race. This year it brought out a good-looking lot of nineteen, and was won by a rare useful-looking mare in Heloise, by Asetic, dam by Toxophilite, who, after a fine race, beat Wild Deer by a head. Next came the Irish Grand Military, for which Betsy was made a hot favourite on the strength of her previous day's running. The double, however, proved fatal to her, and over the last fence Star looked all over a winner. After jumping that, however, Loughcoutra probably got the best of her, until he, in his turn, had to strike his colours to Guy Fawkes, on whom his owner, Mr. Peel (R.H.A.) rode a well-timed finish, and beat the 10th Hussar representative by half a length, with the 13th Hussar champion third. There is no prettier steeplechase at Punchestown, or anywhere else, than the Downshire Plate, which this year fell to a smart-looking four year old in Mr. John Widger's Julia, who beat Mr. Thomas Widger's Unity by a length and a-half, with ten others behind the pair. Previous to this that charming mare Sweet Lavender had won the Kildare Hunt Plate in great style, with 12st. 7lb. in the saddle, and giving a lot of weight to eleven others. She ran over this course last year, so was made a good favourite, and holding her opponents at bay all the way, she won almost as easily in the end as her stable companion, Sweet Charlotte, on the previous day. So ended one of the best and most enjoyable Punchestown meetings it has ever been my good fortune to assist at, and which, thanks to the energy, ability, and courtesy of that most popular gentleman, Mr. Percy La Touche, passed off without a hitch of any kind.

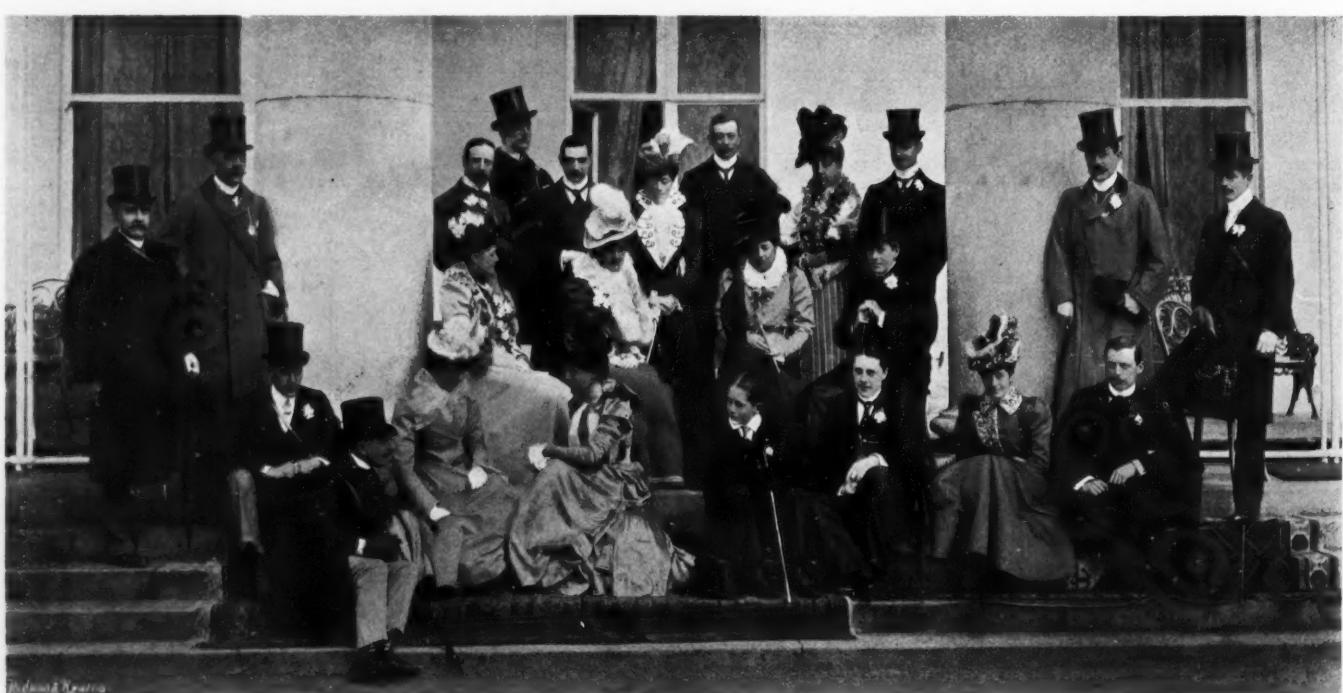
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THE KILDARE HUNT STAND.

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THE VICE-REGAL PARTY.

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I KNOW what the remark of the cynical reader is apt to be in regard to the first of these fishing scenes depicted—for luncheon, we may take it, is an essential part, and not the least important, of the day's work—“What a deal of humanity and implements and luching, and **WHAT A LITTLE FISH!**”

That is a just criticism in itself, but it is not a just criticism if it is to imply that the little fish was not worth all the luching, all the implements, all the humanity. The ultimate truth, that makes such superficial criticism not wholly just, is that the pleasure and profit of fishing depends on a great many other circumstances besides the fish. The notion, in fact, that the true sportsman fishes merely with the object of catching fish is as fallacious as to suppose that the true golfer plays golf merely in order to win pots and medals. The delight of a day's fishing is made up of a variety of factors, of which the fish themselves form but one—the great residue being the fresh air, the rippling river, the interest in seeing your fly go exactly to the spot that you have marked for it with your eye, and the beauty of general surroundings. In the case of the river on whose banks this picture was taken the surroundings count for a vast deal.

These arduous precipices going right down to the water's edge, and again sheer down for feet and yards below its surface,



J. Munro.

“WHAT A LITTLE FISH!”

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The precipitous cliffs do not promise easy casting—thereby the interest in every throw is enormously increased. You cannot follow your fish when you have hooked him; but by compensation, the excitement of the battle is all the greater as you strive to master him from that high-perched crag, beneath which lies the solemn pool in whose deeps the salmon lie.

form great pools of inky blackness in the shadow, of all variety of dancing colour in the sunshine; but for the eager fisherman this conformation of the river's bank has a special interest, and it was on a cliff of just such a character that I learned one of the most useful lessons that an angler can acquire—an insight into the strange and little known ways of salmon. It was a lesson full of encouragement, teaching the great maxim of “*Nil desperandum*,” and giving fresh grounds for that perpetual hope that lies at the bottom of a salmon pool as in the depth of Pandora's casket.

I had been fishing, we had been fishing, they had been fishing—we had conjugated the whole verb to fish—and not a fin had stirred. We were growing weary of the perpetual and futile wielding of the great 18ft. rod, and now I had laid mine down and was watching the efforts of another, perched just like the one in the picture, on a great rock a little way up stream from me. Lying prone on my own rock, I could see deep down into the still, silent pool below. There, at the bottom, lay four salmon, motionless, in a kind of rough *échelon* arrangement, and above the backs of these seemingly sleeping monsters my friend's fly came floating at every throw. But all were not asleep. Though three of the quartet took no notice of the gaudy thing playing in the water above them, the fourth was not so inattentive. Whether he still kept a little of his salt-water appetite, or whether it was mere “unfruitful wonder,” as old Bacon might have called it, that stirred his wits, I cannot say; only I know that as the fly passed over him each time he raised himself a little, made a kind of obeisance to it with his tail, then settled down as if he said to himself, “No, dash it all, it's not worth while. I wonder what the thing is, but I'll be—



J. Munro.

“TEED UP” ON THE ROCK'S FACE.

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gaffed—if I can take the trouble to go and see." Much the same sentiments with regard to this business of fishing were beginning to take possession of my friend on the rock. "Confound the fish!" he said; "I'm sick of it. I'm going to reel in and have a smoke for a while."

Now this was not altogether a fair position for me to be put in. Instantly a huge temptation took possession of me to keep silence, to let my friend go and smoke, and then, as if I now felt rested, take up my rod again and climb to his ledge and fish for the salmon that seemed as if he might be induced to take an interest in the fly. For a moment I wavered, but in the end my better nature, or my soft-heartedness, or whatever the quality is that plays the part of handmaid to conscience in these matters, got the upper hand. "No," I shouted, "don't stop now. Go on, go on, there's a fellow down in this pool that's thinking of taking your fly each time it comes to him."

It is difficult to get the fly well out when one is "TEED UP" ON THE ROCK'S FACE, with no chance of throwing the line well behind, and only a straight up or a sideways back-throw is possible. The Spey cast will not avail you at this height from the water. My friend threw once, twice, thrice. Each time the provoking fish responded with its little obeisance—but no more. Then, on the fourth throw, just as I was hoping that the fisherman would grow too weary and give up his post to me, who now in all honesty and honour might take it, the fish came with a rush. He came like a fury. He came like one that had said to himself at length: "Well, I can stand it no longer. Whatever that horrid little gaudy thing is—edible or no—I will taste and

try." So he came, and in a second, by his own rush, was tightly hooked. Now it does not concern us to chronicle the antics of this fish and its fightings and rushings hither and thither, while the angler kept a masterful strain on it—for follow it he could not—from his perch on the rock. In the end the angler won, and the fish, a fairly fresh run one, was gaffed, paying the penalty of its curiosity. This is the point I wish to emphasise—that it was the salmon's curiosity that had been its ruin. To one lying as I lay, and watching the whole comedy in the pool beneath, but one explanation was possible—that the salmon did not want this fly, was not hungry for it, felt for it, indeed, only the most languid interest of any kind; but this interest, at first languid, grew exasperated by degrees as the fly kept perpetually passing over it, until at length, out of sheer irritation, it "went for it," with the fatal results that have attended uncontrolled curiosity ever since the very earliest drama that was enacted on this planet. All this I could never have seen on a river of lower banks. It was only the precipitous sides that gave me an opportunity of looking down into the depths of the pool. But the incident has always rested in my memory, and has given me hope again and again to persevere, not always, but sometimes, with success, in fishing a pool wherein I knew there were salmon, though they were loth to move.

The lesson that I learned then I am glad to put on record now, and I hope I shall receive the meed of gratitude from fellow-anglers that such generosity merits. I have never thought that my friend of the above story was sufficiently grateful to me for the self-abnegation I showed in telling him to fish on.

LAND WON FROM THE SEA.

AMONG modern sales of landed property is recorded the transfer of some of the Brading Harbour estate of the Liberator Company. This property, in the east corner of the Isle of Wight, includes a small railway, an hotel, and some 650 acres of land reclaimed at enormous cost eighteen years ago. This land has been *twice* won from the sea. The story travels over nearly three centuries, but as the object of the present article is to depict one phase of the rapid changes through which this reclamation is passing, only brief mention of its history can here be made. In 1620, Sir Hugh Myddelton, the engineer of the New River, obtained leave from James I. to reclaim Brading Haven. He dammed out the sea, and gained 200 acres of what was then very bad land. This he sowed with corn, oats, and rape; but the crops were a failure. Ten years later the sea broke in; and until eighteen years ago Brading Haven was once more given over to shore-fowl, fishermen, and winkle gatherers. Then the Liberator Company revived the old project, and at a cost of some £300,000 reclaimed 643 acres. When the sea was finally barred out this was one sheet of mud, clay, and sand. Down the middle of this ran a straight deep river, between high bare banks of earth, without grass, bushes, flowers, or reeds. In this, and in one or two winding brackish



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BRADING RIVER OF TO-DAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

brooks, were the fishes and molluscs of the salt water. Over the whole 643 acres there was no plant life, and not an earthworm to turn the soil. The whole was like a piece of the Salt Lake Desert.

Our illustrations show some of the astonishing changes which time, sun, rain, and human care have made on this area. Most of the reclamation is covered with grass. Much is excellent pasture browsed by cattle. In parts there is abundance of rich clover. Other ground bears fine lawn turf. In the centre is a farm and a productive garden where the fishermen used to catch mullet. On the old cockle beds are fine plantations, and a beautiful golf links on what old Sir John Oglander described as "fine running sand of little worth." By the streams is a wealth of plant life of extraordinary richness and size; and where only the shore-fowl used to feed and rest on the mud is the most



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THE LADIES' GOLF LINKS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

wonderful mixed population of birds the writer has ever beheld in one place. Perhaps the most complete transformation is that of the BRADING RIVER OF TO-DAY.

The stream itself is converted from a tidal estuary into a fresh-water river, full of fresh-water fish, roach, bream, and dace. On its embankments is a dense growth of the river-side plants of remarkable size; the fresh-water reeds on either side of the bank are often 12ft. high. These dense reed-beds are clearly seen in our illustration. Willows, cotton osiers, alder, and all the water-side flowers—docks, water ranunculus, water plantain, forget-me-not, bur-reeds, rushes, comfrey, frog-bit, with blueberries, and even wild honeysuckle. Except some of the willows, all of this dense riverine vegetation was *planted by Nature*. The river brought down all the seeds, roots, tendrils, pods, catkins, and suckers from its upper waters, and planted them itself. Yet the whole length of the stream above the reclamation is hardly three miles.

One of the side streams forms a moat round a garden, in



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SELF-SOWN FRESH-WATER VEGETATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which roses and carnations flourish where the curlews used to "dibble" on the muds. There is just enough of the salt left in this side stream for the little crabs to haunt it; while regiments of prawns hide under the hedges and culverts when a visitor

approaches, and reappear like a grey cloud from the deeps when his shadow is removed. But in the main river, and on the "splashes," the conversion from salt water to fresh water is complete. This has caused a most striking change in the bird population of the reclamation. Sir John Oglander, writing in 1625, declared that his father would shoot forty fowl in a night on the Brading muds. There are fowl in plenty in the harbour, not haunting the muds by night, but lying in the river and "splashes," which are strictly preserved; by day, ducks, teal, and occasionally widgeon.

But for the main part the birds which swarm there are not the birds of a salt-water harbour, but a mixed population belonging to all "denominations." At the time of the writer's last visit to this object lesson in the rapid adaptation of Nature, the bird population of the harbour was probably at its maximum. It was in mid-August, and all the broods of the year were still on their nesting ground, while the birds of the sea and shore which every day choose to spend a part of their time in this delectable land were undisturbed, as the close time had been extended to the end of the month. Ten acres near the embankment by the sea were covered with fine turf, dwarf flowers and mosses. This is now THE LADIES' GOLF LINKS, and the turf on the putting greens was smooth as velvet and green as emerald. The sun was setting, and the last golfer was "putting" her ball where the fishing boats used to anchor twenty years ago in the waters of St. Helen's Roads. Beyond lay a furze brake with little lawns between the bushes, and past the largest a small marsh fringed with low rushes. On this lawn and by the rushes was the most extraordinary mixture of species the writer has ever seen among birds in one place. The ground had been an old cockle and



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THE SAMPHIRE-BEDDED LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE GARDEN ON THE RECLAMATION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

winkle bed, and was covered with fine grass and tiny fluffy balls of some salt-loving plant. On this carpet were feeding a covey of eleven partridges, a flock of starlings, seven or eight ringed plover, a peewit, and some rabbits, while some small seagulls were basking among them, looking like grey stones. Close by on the edge of the "splash" were a dozen redshanks, two or three sand-pipers, a water-hen, and a big heron. After stalking them with glass in hand till the partridges and land birds rose, three wild duck, with a curlew, and all the marsh fowl, rose together. The flight of all these incongruous birds, seen against the sky, was a scene almost unknown elsewhere. A great flock of gulls had risen from another "splash" and joined the rest. Right through the wheeling gulls, plover, and "shanks," mixed with the starlings and rooks, and with the big heron and duck rising through the centre, there dashed the whole covey of partridges, making straight for the low hills a quarter of a mile off on the harbour shore. Near the southern boundary, beneath the Bembridge Woods, lies a chain of brackish pools. The lower pools are the great gathering place of the cygnets in autumn, while on the upper and shallower pools are little islets on which the gulls come in to bask every summer evening at sundown. Hundreds of gulls may then be seen, sleeping and resting on their islet in THE SAMPHIRE-BEDDED LAKE. Here during the visit described above the writer saw a rare instance of tameness in one of the birds of the shore. A sand-piper was standing by the margin of a pool; it allowed itself to be approached within 3yds., and then waded out until the water was too deep for it, when it swam across to the other side, a distance of some 6yds. There it waited until it was approached almost so near as to be touched with a stick. It then repeated its manœuvre, and



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THE SWAN POOL.

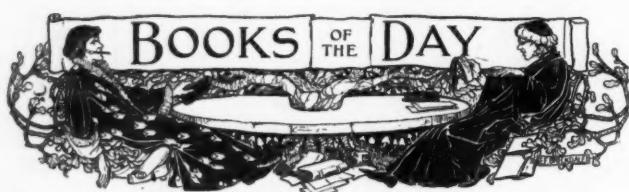
"COUNTRY LIFE"

recrossed the pool. Finally it was induced to fly, which it did with the usual rapidity of the species.

A word should be said as to THE GARDEN ON THE RECLAMATION. It is worked by Mr. C. Orchard, who has watched the whole process of the reclamation of the harbour, and created this garden in the midst. There are four acres inclosed in a fence, and cultivated both for flowers, fruit, and vegetables. Besides the flowers, the garden is noted for its apples, plums, peas, and asparagus, the latter being of particularly fine flavour.

As the garden is surrounded by a moat the rabbits do not at all injure it. "Bunnies" of all ages and sizes swarm in the old harbour, and before it reached its present level of cultivation they afforded excellent sport to the tenants.

C. J. CORNISH.



IT seems but the other day that the sadly pathetic story entitled "The Cry of the Child," from the pen of Mr. Robert Hichens, came to an end in the columns of COUNTRY LIFE. Its strength lay in its sincerity, in the merciless fashion in which the author plucked the heartstrings of the reader. Other stories also Mr. Hichens has produced, and they have achieved fame chiefly by virtue of their weird intensity. But in "The Londoners" (Heinemann) he breaks out in a new and delightful mood, which will astonish and fascinate all those persons who, like me, know Mr. Hichens by his books only. Perhaps I may be forgiven for revealing the manner in which the delights of this book were made known to me. I was at work on something more or less serious—it is the lightsome article that costs most in the way of solemn reflection—and the Lady Chancellor, to borrow a phrase from Dr. Jessop, was supposed to be browsing quietly among the new books. In the place of quietness came from the said Lady Chancellor repeated tittering, interspersed at times with clearly irrepressible laughter. She had laid hands on that rare treasure, a laughter-compelling book, and that book was "The Londoners." It is the funniest, wittiest, most delicate social caricature that can be imagined. For the story, it is the thinnest and most absurd in the world. Mrs. Verulam is a rich widow, adored by Society and weary of it, who lives in Park Lane. To her enter Mrs. Van Adam, formerly her schoolfellow at Paris, now the divorced wife of an American millionaire, who is dying to see the delights of Society; and Mrs. Verulam is forced to explain that the delights of Society may be for the divorcé, but are certainly not for the divorcée. "If you were a man now," sighs Mrs. Verulam, and Chloe, that is to say, Mrs. Van Adam, muses. Secure in the belief that her hostess has firmly forbidden any other visitor to be admitted on this afternoon of reunion with her friend, Chloe goes upstairs, puts on a tweed suit in which she had once charmed New York at a fancy ball, and comes down to surprise her friend. She succeeds, for by this time a blundering footman has admitted quite a number of visitors. However, Mrs. Van Adam is announced as Mr. Van Adam, and after that there is nothing for it except to carry the deception through to the end. The two ladies—Mrs. Verulam, be it remembered, is anxious to escape from the attentions of Society, even by shocking it—do the thing thoroughly. Chloe lies abed while more clothes are made for her, and once she is up and about the fun grows fast and furious. Surely there could be nothing more scandalous than that pretty Mrs. Verulam should have this

handsome young American staying in her house for weeks together, and driving poor elegant Mr. Rodney, Mrs. Verulam's chief admirer, wild with jealousy. The climax is reached when Mrs. Verulam takes the Bun Emperor's palace at Ascot. In the grotesque drawing of the Bun Emperor torn between love of "the home," which is a fetish to him, and his commercial instincts, in the palace with its magnificent rooms, its blatant orchestrion set to vulgar tunes, its groom of the chambers instructed to be in constant telephonic communication with the exiled emperor, Mr. Hichens positively revels. And it is, oh, such a house-party! watched by detectives (of the most obvious character) disguised as the Bun Emperor's servants. There are Mrs. Verulam and "Mr." Van Adam, the Duchess of Southborough, who has come for the sake of food and lodging, and her dyspeptic daughter, Lady Pearl McAndrew, who falls in love with "Mr." Van Adam; there is the Duke, who is no better than he should be; and poor Rodney, sadly harassed, and Lady Drake, acid and with her hair in bandeaux, and Mr. Bush, a boor of a nursery gardener whom Mrs. Verulam chooses to consider rough diamond. The ridiculous situations which arise in connection with that house-party are as the sands of the sea in number. But I select three gems. The Duke has induced "Mr." Van Adam to enter the smoking-room:

"Tell us a good story, Rodney," said the Duke, "one of your rorty ones."

"Mr. Rodney shrivelled.

"I fear," he murmured, "I am scarcely in the—er—rorty vein to-night. To-morrow—the next day—perhaps."

"Well, then, you tip us one, Van Adam. Give us some of your Florida experiences among the orange girls. What? Go ahead!"

"Thus adjured, Chloe said: 'Some of the girls in Florida do such lovely needlework, you have no idea.'

"The Duke raised one eyebrow to a level with his side-parting. 'Lovely needlework. That's a funny beginning for a Pink Un. Well?'

"Yes, but they do indeed. They sit all day in the sun and—"

"Damned silly girls. Spoil their complexions. They should go into the shade, eh! What—what?"

Then came an interruption, but Chloe was not to escape.

"They sit in the sun and work hard for their living," continued Chloe, trying to look rakish without losing self-respect.

"Deuced tiresome to keep on working hard for one's living in the sun, eh, Rodney?" cried his Grace. . . . "Well, go on, Van Adam," said the Duke, expectant of some spicy development in this apparently unpromising plot.

"They work for their living in the sun. Well?"

"Well—er—well, that's all," said Chloe, rather crestfallen.

"The Duke's jaw fell several inches.

"All! Oh, come, I say, hang it, you're pulling all our legs."

"Pulling all your . . . Oh, indeed, I'm not. Why should I do such a thing? I do assure you, Duke."

Yes, the smoking-room story is not easily picked up by one not to the manner born.

But best of all are two scenes following close upon one another near the

end. Somehow, the Duke suspects the Duchess of "carrying on" with Bush the boor, and as luck will have it Bush does try a coarse pretence of love-making, and the Duke discovers him and the Duchess in an apparently compromising situation. How Bush flees in terror to his garden; how the Duke, with Rodney for second, gallops across country after him, intent upon a duel; how the Duke makes his will, but cannot remember whether to spell it "testament or testament"; and how Bush chooses "hoes" for his weapons, and then runs and hides under a truckle bed—all these things are told with infinite merriment. And now, in one way or another, all the *dramatis personae* have reached Mr. Bush's house and garden, and as the true Mr. Van Adam, all the way from America to protest his divorced wife's innocence, comes upon the scene, the story winds up delightfully.

"Oh, Southborough," cries the Duchess of Bush, "he's not a man."

"No more am I," cries Chloe.

"This man a woman," shrieked the Duchess. "But then," she added, staring at Mrs. Verulam, "you—you—are—"

"Respectable," said Mrs. Verulam, with a rather malicious intonation.

In a word, this book is a treasure of merriment.

To those novel readers who like a story of crime and repentance and wild adventure, and happiness at the end, Mr. Guy Boothby's "The Lust of Hate" (Ward, Lock) will appeal forcibly, for it is, in a way, a strong book. For one thing the hero, who is not really a villain, commits his murder, which is not really a murder, at the instigation of the true villain, in a totally novel way. He lures his victim, whom he hates, into a specially constructed hansom with pneumatic cushions inflated with poisonous gas. He does not mean to kill his victim, but he fumbles with the apparatus in a clumsy way and, looking through the trap door, sees the man inanimate. The hansom (I never mount into a hansom now without a shudder) is constructed for the disposal of dead bodies as well as for the making of them. You have nothing to do except drive along a

lonely street at night, watch your opportunity, and turn a handle. Then the seat and floor of the hansom turn round, and while the cab rattles on the body is deposited in the street. If nobody is looking all is right. All these things our hero did, and then bolted for the Antipodes. But he was a long time getting there, for on the way he had to rescue a beautiful girl from drowning and spend some time with her on a desert island. However, he got there in time, and was helped by the girl's father, but was still very repentant and too remorseful to be happy, when the original victim, who had been a villain also but was now penitent and dying, turned up. Of course he hadn't been killed at all, only stupefied. That is the story. But there is plenty of dash and spirit in it.

"Fighting the Matabele," by J. Chalmers (Blackie), is a story of the late rising, and is harmless reading of the breezy kind for boys. I have, however, two practical comments to make. Firstly, the principal actors shoot too well to be human; secondly, the narrator (who has not been long in Africa) swims too well for one who boasts that his companion in Africa taught him the art. Generally, most of the chief persons have enough luck and success in fighting for any ten men.

Mr. Crockett's "The Standard Bearer" (Methuen) has several strong points in it, and they are all women. It may be permitted to the Southron to be just a little tired of the Covenanters, and the way they were hunted by the red-coats on mountain and moor, of the ministers and the elders who play so terribly prominent a part in the new Scottish fiction. But no man, whether Tweed flowed to the northward of the place where he was born, or lay far south of his cradle, can weary of Scots women and the bonnie lasses whom Mr. Crockett understands and depicts so well. So in this book Quintin, the minister, is learned, but wanting in humanity and, as his honest brother Hob says, in sense of humour; and Gordon, of Earlston, is a trifle tedious; but proud Mary Gordon, and gentle Jean Gemmell, and the handsome, brave, hardy Alexander Jonita, live, move, and have their being, and are lovable each and all.



Scott.

COUNTESS WEIR, EXETER.

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Angling on a Yorkshire Beck.

HAVING its source in the very heart of the brown billowy moorland, where the murmurs of its waters are mingled with the crow of the grouse, the whistle of the curlew, and the bleat of sheep, the beck rushes onwards in its journey to the main valley. In flood time it sweeps madly over its rock-strewn bed, a turgid mass of whirling water, but now, in May, its volume is reduced, and it glides gently along the shallows, and frets and fumes in sun-decked foam against the moss-capped boulders in its bed. Nearing the first village, it rushes over a succession of falls cut out of the solid rock, then passing under the quaint one-arch bridge it trickles over the shallows below the stone-built, stone-roofed, irregularly-placed houses of the village, from the chimneys of which the blue, pungent smoke from peat fires curls slowly upwards. It cuts its way through the deep ghyll that runs parallel to the narrow moorland road, fed ever and anon by other trickling streams, and increasing in volume as it reaches the cultivated valley on its way to join the main river. The air is redolent of spring, and the banks of the stream are decked with primroses, anemones, hyacinths, forget-me-nots, and a profusion of other wild flowers and ferns. At one place the stream dashes madly along between steep, rocky banks, and then emerges into a grassy glade bordered by wild flowers and overhung with briar and honeysuckle, whose branches trail in the stream. Passing through a densely-wooded ghyll, where angling is impossible, it reaches the open country, and thenceforth glides more peacefully till it blends with the main river in its journey to the sea.

Where the beck widens and shallows as it crosses the road we put up the split cane and, rigging up a cast with blue dun, alder, and willow fly, scramble through a convenient gap into the big pasture, and, contrary to all canons of angling, commence to fish down stream. Making for a bend of the beck where the soft west wind is rippling the surface, the flies fall like gossamer, and hardly have they touched the water when we get a rise, and

with a quick turn of the wrist are fast in a bright little fellow, who makes a brave fight for liberty. His attempts to escape are futile, and soon the landing-net is under him, and the first trout of the season is struggling on the grass bathed in sunshine; and as he is consigned to the creel a flood of memories of other years comes rushing through our mind, mingled with faces of those who, alas! have now joined the majority. Fishing onwards slowly, and carefully keeping well out of sight, we pass through the pasture, now decked with daisies, buttercups, cowslips, and wild orchids—the latter making a patch of purple colouring against the bright green of the grass. On a marshy spot are bunches of big golden kingcups glowing in the warm sunshine, whilst a group of cattle are idly grazing or lying in quiet contentment under the trees. A foal with its dam are watching us from the shade of a big sycamore, whose foliage vies in colour with the gleam of the golden gorse scattered about at intervals on the hill-side in mid distance. The little stream is looking its best, dancing and glancing with silvery ripples where touched by the sunlight, or lapping in tiny wavelets on the shallows where exposed to the soft west wind that comes in slight puffs, just rippling the stream, sighing in the larches and dying away in silence. The tints of the elms, the purple sheen of the yet leafless oaks and ash trees, contrast strongly with the dark Scotch firs and pale larches, whilst the young foliage of birch and beech forms a perfect harmony of greens. Wandering onwards, adding here and there a lively speckled trout to the basket, we fish down stream, admiring the glorious scenery and never-ending charm of an English spring. Often we miss a fish from inattention and wandering thoughts, but the weight of the basket is not of primary importance. A hatch of blue duns comes out, and the quiet pools are dimpled with the ever-widening circles of rising fish, and for a time we are kept busy.

Then, as the brief rise ceases, we saunter on to a favourite seat under an ancient crabtree for lunch. Overhead is a constant drowsy hum of insect life, busy amidst the pink and white

blossoms with which the tree is covered, mingled with the murmur of the stream, the whispering breeze that faintly comes and then dies away in the distance, and the occasional call of the cuckoo. Lounging here, far from the turmoil and toil of the city, bathed in warm sunshine and fanned by the balmy west wind, we drink in to the full the very elixir of life. The dell at our feet is literally carpeted with wild flowers; pink campions, blue hyacinths, pale yellow primroses, forget-me-nots, the tiny white florets of the wood sorrel, and a host of other blossoms mingle with the varying shades of green of the undergrowth, whilst the passage of time is borne to our ears by the echoing chimes of a not far distant village clock. Swallows and sand-martins, the latter with nests in the sandy banks, are hawking over the surface of the stream, a wood pigeon comes down to drink, the sun glancing on the metallic-like lustre of neck and breast, a king-fisher flashes past like a sapphire on his way up stream, whilst a lordly pheasant in all the glory of his tropical plumage struts proudly past.

Some half-grown rabbits come out of their burrows to inspect us, and a squirrel in the larches chatters angrily as we move. Most of the birds are silent, and hardly a sound reaches us save the bleat of sheep or the cry of the pere-wit in the pastures. Through the trees we catch a glimpse of the distant moorland shrouded in a dim purple haze that clings lovingly to the higher summits and dwells in the hollows. We have plenty of time to note and admire the glorious beauty of the scenery as we lounge here, with the blue smoke from the soothing pipe curling upwards. Cloud shadows chase each other across the hill-sides, whilst bright flashes of sunlight glance on a red-tiled house, so seldom seen in the grey north, or flash like molten



THE May or Gesners' Tulips are colouring the garden with their gorgeous flowers. We have written more than once about these glorious bulbs, so hardy, free, and bold in growth and blossom. A bed of the Gesners' Tulip (*Tulipa Gesneriana*) on a sunny May day is as brilliant as anything the crimson Geranium can give in July and a thousand-fold more interesting. It would serve little good to refer to the species and varieties at the present time, for the reason that autumn is the season for planting, but we may well direct the attention of our readers to the effect the flowers create in May. *T. Gesneriana*, fulgens, elegans, the sweet-scented *Macrosiphia*, *retroflexa*, *Picotee*, *Bouton d'Or*, *Golden Eagle*, and the quaint *viridiflora* are thoroughly vigorous. The big goblet-shaped flowers of *T. Gesneriana* are held on tall strong stems, and whether seen near some shrub group or in a bed by themselves, the blaze of crimson colouring is detected from afar. The so-called Darwin Tulips, which bloom later, form a valuable group and are of many hues, some almost black, so deep is the maroon shade. Fortunately these late and Gesners' Tulips are reasonable in price, which enables masses to be formed without incurring heavy outlay.

THE WALLFLOWERS.

In gardens where spring flowers are cared for the Cheiranthus or Wallflower is planted freely, and we can mention one place in particular in which the Cheiranthus is used—in the flower-beds at Belvoir, one variety being named after this place, Belvoir Castle Yellow. The Wallflower, as the name suggests, loves to establish itself upon an old wall, and in wall-gardening this and the Antirrhinum should be sown freely in the chinks and crevices. The plants are practically biennials, although they will live for many years, growing into strong bushes, for such they may be truthfully described. They are grouped into what the nurseryman calls "strains"; that is, race of flowers maintained in its highest perfection, such as Blood-Red, Saunders' Dark Crimson, and the dense-growing, bright yellow-flowered Belvoir Castle. Tom Thumb Yellow is another cheery flower, effective in the garden. The perennials are double, and comprise rich colours—crimson, yellow, and red. Of these the most popular is the yellow, which is the glory of many cottage gardens at this season. The time to sow Wallflower seed is the month of May, and cuttings of the double varieties about the same period or earlier. Sow thinly, and never obtain seed from a poor strain, or the results will be disappointing. Transplant the seedlings from the seed bed to the position they are to adorn, and this transplanting is essential, because it promotes fibrous roots. In severe winters Wallflowers are often much injured, if not killed outright, especially in damp situations. Sun, a well-drained moderately light soil, and freedom from overhanging shrubs or trees are necessary. Early September is a suitable time to transplant. Cuttings of the double kind root freely under a handglass, but the shoots must not be too woody. Those about half-ripened become established more quickly than any others. A bright flower for the rock garden is Cheiranthus Marshalli, and pretty too are *C. ochroleucus* and *alpinus*, but in the newer works these will be found under the name of Erysimum.

THE BARBERRIES.

Amongst flowering shrubs the Barberries form a gay group, of which the most popular perhaps is the kind named after Darwin, *Berberis Darwinii*. This is a beautiful shrub in many ways, in growth, leaf, and flower, the clusters of rich orange-red flowers gaining in brilliancy against the deep green leafage. It enjoys a light warm soil, and is most effective as a bold group, with spring flowers near. *B. stenophylla* and *B. dulcis* are both pretty, and the fruit of the common *Berberis*, also *B. Thunbergi* and *B. aristata*, give colour to the bushes in autumn. They are more brilliant even than in spring, and the berries remain far into the winter to enrich the garden landscape. A very handsome kind for its foliage is *B. Hookeriana*, the boldest of all in leaf, and welcome on that

silver on the stream. Slinging on the creel we start once more, and fish on half carelessly as we cast on pool and stream, sometimes securing, and often missing, the trout that are now rising short.

After we pass the old mill we occasionally hook "here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling," as below this spot the latter fish are fairly plentiful, but, of course, are at this season of the year returned to the water when caught. Then pushing our way through a tangled hedge we emerge into a big meadow, with a gorse covert on the hill-side that is now a perfect blaze of golden sheen. Only a few short weeks ago and a view-holloa as a fox broke away sent us galloping to the beck, which we madly charged in our anxiety to get a good start. The hoof marks of the horses as they took it in their stride are still visible, but to-day all is silent, and only the heavy sweet odour of the gorse blossoms is wafted to us on the breeze.

A cow wading the stream gazes at us half resentfully as we approach, and at last, as the sun casts lengthening shadows, the village where the dogcart waits our arrival appears in view, and we pause an instant to watch a brother of the angle, whose assistant slips the net under a good trout he has just hooked. As the sun sinks below the western hills, tinging the brown heather with a soft afterglow, we turn out the contents of the creel, and are perfectly satisfied with the result of the day's sport, although of the seventeen fish caught none weigh more than nine ounces. As we drive slowly homewards along the white roads we pause for an instant on rising the hill for one more lingering, loving look at the valley with the river winding along like a silver band through flower-decked meadow and pasture on its way to the sea.

LEO PARSEY.

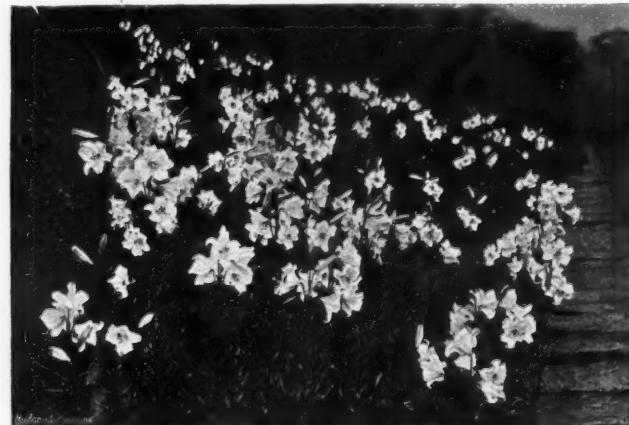
account. There is, however, another section of *Berberis*, better known perhaps under the name of *Mahonia*, although this name has now been dropped, the two groups being merged into the one family—*Berberis*. Of these *M. japonica* is well known, the deep bronzy-green and purple leaves being sold largely in the streets of London for decorations. Unfortunately, to make the colours more glistening, these leafy shoots are dyed—a wretched and objectionable practice. Daffodils and Chrysanthemums are suitable flowers to associate with the handsome *Mahonia* foliage. Apart from its value as regards the leaves, the bush when not severely cut in is effective, the bold yellow flower clusters appearing in profusion during the spring. A very fine kind is *M. nepalensis*, which has exceptionally handsome leaves, but it is not very hardy.

BULBS AFTER FLOWERING.

Bulbs must be treated with respect after they have flowered. Those in the grass must not be mown over, if one wishes to naturalise them, as this wholesale destruction of leaves means, in the course of time, death to the bulbs. Everything in this way—whether the *Crocus*, *Chionodoxa*, *Scilla*, *Tulip*, *Hyacinth*, *Daffodil*, or *Fritillary*—must die down naturally, hence the reason for only establishing early-flowering bulbs in meadow-lands, as the leaves will have disappeared before the need for mowing arises.

THE MADONNA OR WHITE LILY.

We have seen few groups so luxuriant as that represented in the accompanying illustration. The mass of pure white flowers rising by the simple stone path is a vision of beauty, made more enjoyable by its homely setting. Of late years the Madonna or White Lily (*Lilium candidum*) has fallen upon evil times, and many a fair colony has been removed by disease. All Lilies are subject to the disease, but unfortunately the fair flower illustrated is more liable to attacks from the fungoid foe than any other kind. Spraying



C. Metcalfe. A GROUP OF THE WHITE LILY (*Lilium candidum*). Copyright.

with a weak solution of Bordeaux mixture seems a quick and fairly certain remedy, but the disease acts with remarkable rapidity. A flourishing group perhaps upon the eve of blossoming will be blighted in a few hours without warning of the coming attack. We advise groups to be formed where possible either without background or thrown into strong relief by dark green shrubs. The White Lily is very charming planted, for instance, amongst purple-leaved Barberries, or grouped near to purple Beech or Plum to throw into more silvery clearness the tall fragrant flowers. Lilies seem more accommodating in the matter of soil than many flower gardeners suppose. The writer has seen *L. candidum* growing splendidly in very light ground and as happy also in deep loam, but stagnant, ill-drained soils are certainly not congenial.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We gladly help readers desirous of information about gardening in any of its branches.



A POINT OF OOLOGY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you let me have the benefit of your opinion on a point of oology? It is proved of the cuckoo that he carries his egg in his mouth, and deposits it in various nests; it is also stated as proven that the colour of this egg is adapted to the colour of the eggs with which it is associated. Now I myself, and others whom I know, have found a considerable number of cuckoos' eggs, many of them in the nest of the hedge sparrow, but in no case has the colour of the egg varied from the normal, or what I have personally considered normal—that is, each specimen has been an egg of the usual size, of a dull white ground, thickly mottled with dull reddish and brown, or sometimes nearly black, spots. In fact, the eggs have all much resembled in size and colouring those of the house sparrow, except that sometimes the spots have been lighter and ruddy. What I should like to know is how far any proof has been produced that, for instance, the alleged blue specimens are really cuckoos' eggs, and not unusually large eggs of the hedge sparrow?—W. B. THOMAS.

ALBINISM AMONG THE BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As a lover of Nature I daresay the following observations made this winter may be of interest to some fellow wanderers in the realms of bird-life. I had always been under the impression, possibly an erroneous one, that it was only the severest of winters in our islands that induced members of the bird community to array themselves in white or piebald suits in lieu of their customary sober black or brown. Now we all know that this season of 1898 has been mild and open in the extreme, thus upsetting all my theories, for in no other winter have so many cases of albinism among the birds come under my notice in this far-away corner of Wales. In the North, as autumn advances, the sober ptarmigan develops patches of white, gradually extending till the bird is clothed in a garment white as the sheltering snow. No one expresses surprise at such a proceeding; force of habit has shown this to be the ordinary course of events, and therefore nothing to be wondered at. But in the case of the blackbird it is quite a different thing; as his name implies, no such change is expected of him. Yet this season, within a couple of miles, I have known of no less than three of these birds that have become more or less white during the winter. The first, and whitest, paid with its life the penalty of its eccentricity; the second was marked with white on the back and wings, suggestive of the proverbial sprinkling of salt. I came across it when on the prowl for a chance woodcock, and though an attempt was made to procure it, the wily scolopax proved more attractive in the end. The last one, seen several times, had a pure white patch situated on its left wing, very noticeable as it flitted from bush to bush along the hedge. Later in the year—March 4th—among a flock of rooks feeding in a small field I saw one having a considerable amount of grey, or dirty white, on its wings, specially remarkable as it rose and left the field with its slow and heavy flight. Now what is the cause of this epidemic? It appears a most curious coincidence to happen during an exceptionally mild winter. Is it a sign that after an interval, possibly of ages, these birds revert to a type perhaps dating from the great Ice age, when the donning of white garments resembling the snow would afford greater protection? Later, as it grew warmer, they would gradually lose this faculty, it being no longer required for the continuation of the species. This is an interesting problem, one of many met by the inquiring naturalist and that serve to make the study of Nature around us of such unfailing interest.—D. M. A. BATE.

CANINE NERVOUSNESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you tell me the cause of a dog, of which I am very fond, crouching under the table at my approach? I have never thrashed him, although I have had cause to speak very harshly to him on more than one occasion. He is a cross between a setter and a retriever, and although I had great difficulty in breaking him—many of his habits being very amusing—he now does his work exceedingly well, and answers to almost any call. He is very nervous, and does not care for the company of other dogs.—BENNETT.

[Treat your dog more rationally and he will certainly cease to appear to be afraid of you. Judging by your letter you are not a cruel man, or we would take the dog's opinion of you as being correct. Our experience is that dogs are good judges of character. It is a mistake to make fools of them. Make a companion of your dog and he will never desert you.—ED.]

SENSE OF SMELL IN FISHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I see a letter in COUNTRY LIFE under the above heading, asking whether there is any prospect of success in baiting with an artificial worm. Your correspondent, "Vermicelli," as he pleasantly styles himself, seems afraid that the absence of the right wormy smell will prevent the fish taking. Now, granting that the right wormy movement and wriggling can be given to the artificial worm—a very large proviso in my thinking—I do not think that "Vermicelli" need be afraid of the thing lacking attraction because of the absence of smell. I am of this opinion, not only because of the success of artificial prawns, minnows, and flies, to which "Vermicelli" seems to think he has a reply in the fact that these swim rather on the surface and in the body of the water than near the bottom, but it is well known that grayling will very readily take, if they are in the mood, and if it be properly offered them, that thing of yellow and green worsted that is commonly called a "grass-hopper," though I believe it is intended to represent the caterpillar of the common or garden white butterfly. This lure they take very near the bottom. Certainly they cannot be attracted to it by any sense of smell, and they are fish closely allied to the trout. Therefore I think "Vermicelli" need not trouble himself about the absence of pleasant smell in the artificial worm. On the other hand, fish certainly seem to prefer a bright clean-coloured

worm to a dull one, a circumstance which seems to argue against Sir Herbert Maxwell's theory of their indifference to colour. But of course you can make your artificial worm any colour you like. It is the movement that I should think would be so difficult to give it.—A. BRAITHWAITE.

MALMAISON CARNATIONS OUT OF DOORS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should very much like to try growing Malmaison carnations out of doors, and would be very glad if you would give me a few particulars about them. Other people in the town have tried, but unsuccessfully; however, I have seen them in a garden in Yorkshire, where it is much colder, and as we have a sheltered and very sunny bed under a wall on which we have peaches and apricots, it seems to me that they might be reared successfully. The drawback is the soil, which is very chalky when a certain depth is reached. Would you kindly tell me what sort of soil is required, when I should plant the carnations, and the general treatment for them? Also the varieties and colours (I should like pink, but have never seen anything but white), whether they are expensive to buy, and where I could get them? I may mention that we have no greenhouse, but only a frame; I do not know if the latter would be any good. Would you kindly answer me in the columns of your delightful paper as soon as possible?—BABS.

We do not say that it would be absolutely impossible to grow pink Malmaison carnations in the open borders in Essex, but we should imagine that it would be risky. If the plants lived through the winter and flowered at all it would not be until late in the autumn. The great advantage of growing Malmaison carnations in pots under glass (except during summer, when they should be plunged in the open borders for the purposes of layering) is that they can with judicious treatment be made to flower at almost any period. Is it not possible that what was taken for the white, or rather blush, Malmaison "seen in a garden in Yorkshire" was in fact the large white clove carnation, *Gloire de Nancy*? This has a very large flower and the plant is of similar habit. As to soil, a sub-soil of chalk would be an advantage rather than otherwise, because so well drained. No better carnations can be grown anywhere than at Margate, where the soil is only thinly distributed on solid chalk. If the upper portion of your garden is a good strong loam and the situation such as is described, you might try the carnations, as no greenhouse is available. There are many varieties, but for the purpose suggested perhaps the pink kind would be as good as any and not so expensive to experiment with. It is this variety one sees so much used for bouquets and personal adornment.—ED.]

DOUBLE PRIMROSES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As I notice from your columns that the readers of COUNTRY LIFE care much for their gardens, I thought perhaps a note about the double-flowered primroses would be interesting. This class seems to be little known, but in moist Northern gardens the plants bloom with great freedom, as much so as the single kinds we know well. In Ireland especially the doubles are at home, bearing large flowers of intense colouring. The finest of the race is Crimson Pompadour, which I believe is almost extinct, but it would be a pity indeed if a flower of such form and colour were to disappear. The colour is deep velvety crimson and the form quite double. There are other varieties, white, lilac, yellow, and pale lemon, all pleasing in colour and very free. These double primroses are more troublesome to manage than the single kinds, but given moderate shade, moisture, and a cool position, they will succeed.—A. SIMPSON.



TUESDAY: I had a wonderful day yesterday. Not for a moment from nine o'clock one morning till two o'clock the next did I sit down and inwardly commune with myself alone. I was doing things and seeing people every hour. All the morning I shopped with Nellie. Poor Tom! We bought a red cloth dress with écrû revers, and then searched through the whole of London to discover the shirt worthy to become it, those which are decorated with much lace and frills in the front being exceedingly unsuited to her style of beauty, and the plain, flat, pleated, and tucked variety being conspicuous by its absence in the London shops. Ultimately we discovered a front of tucked lawn striped with beadings threaded with shaded red ribbons; this was exceedingly pretty, and we seized upon it and took it to an amiable dressmaker to have it supplied with a back and sleeves and converted into a shirt proper. I then bought Nellie a hat of dark red turned up with red velvet and trimmed with cherries. All the good hats in Paris are now trimmed with fruit, and the most popular trimming in combination with this is black and white spotted ribbon velvet. Spotted velvet being amongst the novelties of the season, it is exceedingly difficult to secure in town, and is therefore the more desirable.

I bought myself a little coat this morning as a reward for the exceeding economy I practised last week. It is made of black satin lined with ivory satin, and it boasts no decoration save strappings and machine stitchings. It has a very short basque, very small sleeves and white pearl buttons. It will look charming over a black and white checked skirt, and will also amiably complete a red and black and white foulard skirt I possessed last year, whose bodice has gone the way of all bodices and become démodé. And the proper complement to that black satin coat is a waistcoat of soft lisse and yellow Maltese lace. Satin coats are very elegant, and I had much difficulty in preventing Nellie from buying one also, but that absurd dogma

that you cannot have too much of a good thing certainly does not apply to fashion. I have always thought it a dire mistake for two sisters to go out dressed alike, as if they had only one idea between them. Nellie was warned off that satin coat; she shall not trespass, else shall she lose my best affections. And I shall not take her out to lunch again as I did yesterday, to Verrey's, for I gave her plovers' eggs and strawberries with a liberality worthy of a man.

And then we went to a wedding, where the bride looked charming, according to the custom of brides, in a dress of kilted chiffon with the train of lace from the waist only. After gossiping for many hours with various folks who were inconsiderate enough to be in when we called, I came home just in time to dress for dinner, which was scarcely completed when I was hurried off to see "Too Much Johnson," and then taken on to supper in congenial company, where the hostess wore a lovely dress of black net glittering from head to foot with green sequins, with the low bodice showing a few folds of the palest blue tulle inside the décolletage, tight sleeves of the sequined net, and her hair decorated with two glittering green wings fastened at the stem with a diamond ornament.

WEDNESDAY: At 8.30 this morning I received a message from that most energetic of young women, Essie, to put myself into bicycling clothes and go with her to Battersea Park. The sun was smiling in through the window and I was feeling particularly amiable, so I followed her suggestion at once and her bicycle ultimately, and we wended our way, as the heroines of penny fictions have a habit of doing, through the crowded traffic of Piccadilly, over that bridge that seems always to me to separate one world from another, into the gates of the park. I forgave Essie her energy; the trees looked perfectly beautiful in their fresh greenness, and there was a huge bed of hyacinths and tulips in gorgeous colours, which gave me a thrill of delight as I passed them, to sit on a seat in contemplation of the dull grey



WALKING DRESS OF CLOTH, TRIMMED VELVET RIBBON AND LACE YOKE



GLACE BLOUSE WITH LACE COLLAR AND TUCKED CHIFFON VEST.

water which reflected the shadows of some pink blossoms in their vicinity.

There were some very good costumes about to-day—they almost tempted me to believe that people are beginning to realise that the bicycling dress need not be distinguished by its hideous unbecomingness. One I liked particularly was of white flannel with stripes of corn-flower blue running down it, worn with a corn-flower blue batiste shirt with a white muslin collar turned over a neat cravat of the same, and a pale blue hat turned up in the front with a rosette of blue ribbon. Its wearer looked beautiful; and she was a girl who could bicycle too. Another very smart dress showed an Eton coat of bright red, a dark blue serge skirt, and a white shirt and tie crowned with a neat white sailor hat with a black ribbon round it. The only drawback to the perfection of this was that it suggested the golfer's livery. A third dress of worthy detail was entirely made of black and white checked tweed. But this was not in coat and skirt fashion; the bodice joined to the skirt at the waist all round, pouching a little in the front, showing a waistcoat of white tucked muslin. It would have been perfect if crowned with a sailor hat, but the wearer made the mistake of a fanciful toque of jet. Jet toques are very pretty things in their way, but they were in my way on a bicycle, their dressy suggestiveness being entirely unsuited, and an offence to the eye of the connoisseur, by which I would have all men and women know that I mean myself.

Coming back through the crowded streets was a trial to my nerves, but I dare not confess this to Essie, who is for ever preaching of the chivalry of the omnibus drivers and conductors. I do not doubt their chivalry, but I am frightened to death of their wheels and their horses' hoofs; however, I arrived home in safety to tell the tale and vote myself a heroine. I have a tendency to do this, I am told. I am feeling exactly like it in my new tea-gown, which was certainly made for the most beautiful Angelina who ever interviewed an Edwin, but in those days I am afraid the art of the tea-gown was sealed to them. My gown is of hyacinth blue chiffon. Its foundation has seen better days; it is almost covered with yellow lace, also a remnant of other days, which I have had in my possession for about two years, and it has been cleaned and dyed and mended at intervals. However, it has come up what the sportswoman calls "smiling" on this occasion, and so am I at the thought that I am allowed this very night of nights to sit at home at ease under its becoming influence, instead of going out to join some giddy people who imagine that when they have put themselves into a dress two inches too small for them they have earned their claim to the title of "women of fashion."